
HENRIETTA

OF

GERSTENFELD.

"LES GENERATIONS se succèdent, les mondes
 "s'altèrent; mais l'être que vous voyez est éternel;
 "toutes les intelligences desirant leur BONHEUR, & LE
 "BONHEUR n'est que dans LA VERTU . . . LA VER-
 "TU, le plus sublime . . . ; mais SON éloge est fait, je
 "l'ai nommée.—"

HELVETIUS.

WIT and SATIRE are TRANSITORY and PERISH-
 ABLE; but NATURE and PASSION are ETERNAL.

WARTON.

"GENTLEST of Pow'rs! for every Purpose fit,
 "To strengthen Wisdom, and embellish Wit:—
 "Thou whose soft arts, possessed by thee alone,
 "Can give to Virtue's voice a sweeter Tone;
 "Allay the frost of Age, or fire of Youth,
 "And lend attraction to severest Truth;
 "Improve e'en Beauty by thy graceful ease,
 "Or teach Deformity herself to please;—
 "BENEVOLENCE the name she bears on Earth,
 "The guard of Weakness, and the friend of Worth.



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HENRIETTA

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GERSTENFELD.

Translated from the GERMAN

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Mr. *WIELAND*.

BUT grant in public Men sometimes are shewn,
A WOMAN'S SEEN IN PRIVATE LIFE ALONE.
Our bolder talents in full light display'd;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.

AH! FRIEND! to dazzle let the Vain design,
To raise the Thought, and touch the Heart be thine!
That Charm shall grow, while what fatigues the Ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded Thing."——

POPE, *Epist. to a Lady, on Charact. of Women.*

D U B L I N:

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COMPANY OF BOOKSELLERS:

M.DCC.LXXXVI.

HENRIETTA
GERSTENFELD

The style of Romances may serve to lead us to a knowledge of the morals of ages and nations. Thus the country, which has produced the natural and moving HENRIETTA of GERSTENFELD, is far from the state of depravity of Paris and London. I form my opinion from the Book.

Abbé KENTZINGER on the UTILITY of NOVELS.



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P R E F A C E.*

*I*F, as we cannot doubt, those Works, in which are found the purest morality, and the greatest correctness of manners, become the best school for every description of Readers, and particularly for young Persons of both Sexes, certain it is, that it would be extremely difficult to find a Book better adapted to that salutary end than the History of HENRIETTA of GERSTEN-FELD.

Supposing that we are wholly indebted for this Work to the genius of Mr. WIELAND, and that it be only a fiction of that Philosopher,

* Edit. Hanov. 1783.

we

we are surely under much obligation to him, in having thus furnished us with Models so exquisitely beautiful, of the noblest theological and moral virtues, with a just and striking picture of the deviations of Vice, and its attendant remorse.

What instructive Lessons has this celebrated Authour given us, in a variety of Scenes, displaying the lamentable instability of human affairs? What fine Examples of devout resignation to the Divine Will; of a Heart, in Prosperity meek; in Adversity firm, yet acquiescent?

*Reader of Sensibility! If the following Letters (as is supposed) contain a detail of real Facts * em-*

* The Title of the original Work is " Letters written during the War of 1779, for the Bavarian Succession."

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belished indeed by the genius of the tender and elegant WIELAND, what wishes will you not form for the happiness of the amiable WOLMAR, for that of young WERNER, who so well deserves the good fortune he enjoys in possessing the Heart of the charming HENRIETTA !

THE candid Reader who compares this Translation of Henrietta of Gerstenfeld with the original, will, it is hoped, excuse its defects.— It was, indeed, performed a la volée, and merely as a Practice in the German Language.

The English Translatour may be, perhaps, allowed the humbler assumption of that desert, which, on a familiar occasion was claimed by the
ingenious

(viii)

ingenious and modest Hawkesworth.

" I have endeavoured to render my

" Country an important service, by

" putting into the hands of our

" Youth one of the few Books which

" Genius and Learning have dedi-

" cated to Virtue.——"

*The Remainder of this Work will
be soon published.*

DUBLIN, the 1st
December, 1786.



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LETTER I.

WOLKMAR to WISENAU.

FROM a country which, during seven years, was the theatre of war, a desolated country, imbrued with the blood of its unhappy citizens, thy friend Wolkmar writes.

Formerly they have seen me, on this devoted soil, the destructive sabre in my hand, combat the ene-

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mies of the great FREDERICK.
 Young, impetuous, inexperienced, I was merely that ferocious
 soldier, who, actuated by a blind
 and erring impulse of false glory,
 rejoices in the effusion of human
 blood, and in the destruction of
 mankind.

But, how changed, my friend;
 that fierce spirit how humanized
 and attempered by age and expe-
 rience! I shudder when the sight
 of those well-known scenes recalls
 past transactions to remem-
 brance, awakening reflection, and
 exciting remorse. Here, I behold
 an entire village wrapped in de-
 vouring flames, its distracted in-
 habitants flying from the conflagration, or endeavouring to save
 the wreck of their fortune from
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THE
Force of Nature.

LETTER I.

WOLKMAR to WISENAU.

FROM a country which, during seven years, was the theatre of war, a desolated country, still smoaking with the blood of its unhappy citizens; thy friend Wolkmar writes to thee.

Formerly they have seen me, on this devoted soil, the destructive sabre in my hand, combat the
B. enemies

enemies of the great FREDERIC. Young, impetuous, inexperienced, I was merely that ferocious soldier, who, impelled by a blind and erring impulse of false glory, rejoices in the effusion of human blood, and in the destruction of mankind.

But how changed, my friend, that fierce spirit how humanized and attempered by age and experience ! I shudder when the sight of those well-known scenes recalls past transactions to remembrance, awakening reflection, and exciting remorse. Here, I behold an entire village wrapped in devouring flames, its distracted inhabitants flying from the conflagration, or endeavouring to save the wreck of their fortune from
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the rapacious soldiery ; there, mothers pale and trembling, yet desperate by woe, and emboldened by maternal affection, snatch their daughters from the arms of the vanquisher ! Such are the scenes which injured humanity retraces in my memory—such the consummation of human woe, of which my heart bleeds at the retrospect ;—my blood calmed, the fire of my passions extinguished, more humane, more tender, I mourn those evils, of which I was the fatal instrument ; but reason too late murmurs, inspiring a regret as sincere as it is useless.

But amidst these bitter and anguishing remembrances, there is one superior calamity which rends the soul of your friend. I

B 2

have

have concealed it even from you. Dread of the insupportable feelings which a recital of this disastrous event would have awakened, has deterred me from pouring my griefs into the sympathizing bosom of Wisenau—from seeking the sweet alleviation which friendly sympathy alone can yield,—I cannot even resolve to confide it to you in part, I dare not break silence,——I therefore proceed to communicate some recent events, to shun, if it be possible, the cruel remembrance of the past.

Our young officers, unaccustomed to fatigue, and who know not yet, as those whose hairs have grown grey beneath the helmet, that the true characteristick of a foldier is to brave toil and danger,

danger, and to despise the luxuries and conveniencies of cities; complain of our late toilsome marches, and in their letters home exclaim against the rigorous exactions of duty, and the privation of their accustomed pleasures; more inured to the habits of a military life, more practised to the imitation of that great King who is himself our general, I am happy in assuring you that his paternal care forgets nor omits aught that can moderate our hardships: our present march, compared to the seven former campaigns, is indeed but a party of pleasure consisting of a numerous company. My old comrades and I, often laugh at the impatience which our young soldiers discover under the slightest fatigue.

B 3

I ar-

I arrived yesterday with my Squadron in the village ; the remainder of the regiment being encamped in the environs, we know not how long we shall remain here. I feel the sincerest pleasure in the reception we have met from the inhabitants ; their kind attentions anticipate our desires.

Is it to chance, or the discerning partiality of our billet master that I am indebted for my present charming accommodation ? I have promised you a full detail of whatever interesting may occur, and I hope you will not be sorry for having exacted it from me.

It was seven o'clock in the evening when we entered the village.

lage. The setting sun shed around us the mild and pleasant influence of its moderated rays. The cooling breeze animated the verdant landscape, and agreeably refreshed the air. My men enjoyed the relaxation of the pipe, whilst their horses, less incommoded by the flies, advanced with a more alert and undisturbed pace. The serjeant, whom I had sent before us, to announce our approach, and provide lodgings, now returned to meet us and distribute the billets. We moved forward, and arrived at the village in admirable order ; curiosity had drawn out the inhabitants in crouds to meet us, and in their presence I addressed my men, exhorting them to regular conduct and decorum towards their hosts.

B 4

I was

I was soon accosted by my landlord, who is the minister of the village, the venerable shepherd of the place, less venerable indeed by his white hairs, than by the noble and unerring characters of virtue which his countenance indicated. His reception of me was plain and unaffected, but touching ; candour sat upon his lips, which seemed to move but at the impulse of truth. “ *God be with you, and with us all !* ” was the benediction of the good old man ; pressing my hand with all the fervour of friendship and the philanthropy of a true citizen of the world ; in this affectionate manner he conducted me to his own apartment, whilst mine was preparing for my reception.

The

The appearance of my aged host impresses me with an irresistible sentiment of veneration and awe : a few scattered white hairs which flutter on his forehead, a brow serene, but a little furrowed by wrinkles, announces the rectitude of his soul, and crowns the finest and most dignified physiognomy ; his cheeks yet glow with that animated hue which evinces the health of the body, and the tranquillity of the mind ; his fine blue eyes, filled with sweetness and vivacity, inspire confidence ; their look is peaceful and benign, but at the same time steady and assured ; the discerning observer may read in them, that their owner is unconscious of any action which should abase them. He had round his neck a large

B 5

white

white handkerchief, and he wore a green nightgown tied with a girdle of the same colour.

At first sight I perceived that this respectable man claimed my highest estimation, and deserved my warmest attachment, and with the frankness of a true Hussar, seizing his hand in which mine had been clasped, I embraced him in my rude fashion, applying my whiskers to his lips, which his grey beard almost wholly covered.

He conducted me into a comfortable apartment, which was opened by a comely female, pretty far advanced in years. "Here is our lodger," said he, "I give him into your care." The good

good old lady made me a profound courtesy, which, though not so elegant as that of our Berlin fair ones, was however, far more sincere and cordial; it had that interesting simplicity which always makes its way to the heart; in short, I find myself quite at home here.

But what was my surprize on beholding the daughter of our venerable minister! the most amiable and beautiful of women! never had I before seen a countenance more powerfully interesting, never before did eyes shoot into my heart arrows so pointed, so enflaming; a deportment marked by a respect the most profound, yet inexpressibly graceful, the delicate smile of innocence, and the
vivid

vivid blush of health, combined to form the charming tinct of modesty and virtue which suffused her cheeks, a figure—but ah ! my friend, think not that I am equal to the task of description, it exceeds my powers, and in praising her, my heart already captivated, would become jealous of its own expressions. I have seen women of the greatest beauty, possessed of every charm which captivates the heart, and of every amiable, every accomplished quality, which confirms and secures its attachment ; but never before was I sensible of a similar impression to that which I now experienced ; from the first moment I beheld her, I was no longer in possession of myself. A moment after the entrance of Henrietta, the minister and his wife withdrew,

drew, the former to see that my men were properly accommodated, and the latter to prepare supper.

I remained alone with Henrietta. You know, my friend, whether assurance is to be classed in the number of my imperfections, and whether I am apt to transgress by excess of timidity in the presence of the ladies.—Well, believe it if you can, that I found it absolutely impossible to surmount my diffidence, nay, downright embarrassment on this occasion! I could only admire in silence this enchanting girl. I once ventured to address her, and fortified myself by the reflection that I commanded a troop of Hussars, but without success; she perceived my confusion, and her lovely cheeks were suffused with the
most

most brilliant carnation. Ah! my friend, conceive my emotion at beholding on her charming face these expressions of a divine modesty! I could not speak, the half uttered words died away upon my lips.

I stood, during this mute conflict, before a chair, my hands resting on the elbows of it, in a profound reverie. She perceived my embarrassment,——

“ Will you not be seated, Sir?”——said she with an air the most engaging. How many expressive graces in so simple a compliment! an accent the most pleasing, a voice so sweet, a countenance so charming, a deportment so modest;——what perfection! I was transported, ravished, ah! if your hand had at that crisis pressed

pressed my heart, you would have perceived what emotions the sight of so potent an enemy had excited.

“ Mr. Ulrich seems in no haste to return to us”——says the charming girl.

“ Mr. Ulrich, do you say, my Dear? what! is he not your father?”

“ No, Sir, I however consider him as such, for he loves me, and he is dear to me as——”

“ Then, doubtless you are related to him, and have resided with him a long time?”——

“ Since my infancy.”——

“ You are an orphan then, apparently;

“ parently ; ah ! the man who
“ had a daughter such as you,
“ should be the happiest of men.”

I was proceeding to question her further, when the entrance of my host, put an end to the conversation.

“ All is ready, Sir,” said he, addressing himself to me, “ your
“ people are at supper, and, I assure you, make very good use
“ of their time ; your horses too,
“ have not neglected their oats,
“ and their racks are amply provided, it is time to think of
“ ourselves.”

I assure you that this old man is nothing less than taciturnity, and he is by no means a bad reasoner ; his disposition is extremely jovial,

jovial, and his chearfulness and good humour admirable ; and let not this surprize you, though he be a minister ; how he has caught these engaging qualities, (which, let your austere people think what they will, are by no means inconsistent with his clerical function) I shall explain to you. He was chaplain to a regiment of dragoons during the preceding war, and universally beloved by the officers, whose esteem he found means to conciliate, without deviating in the smallest degree from that dignified rectitude of conduct which a minister should invariably support ; hence his frankness, liberality of sentiment, and urbanity of manners ; he is, with all this, by no means a novice in military affairs, and it is principally

pally when he speaks of our great King, that his soul expands and displays itself; his favourite appellation for him is, *our Father Frederick*, then his fine blue eyes sparkle with new fire, his cheeks glow with additional animation, his voice grows stronger; he is immersed in transport.

After supper we drew round the fire, when the good minister and I smoked our pipe, in all the tranquil happiness of social friendship and domestic enjoyment. But I must here, in sincerity avow, that being seated near Henrietta, and my heart solely occupied by her, I fell insensibly into a sweet reverie, totally inattentive to my host, who was engaged in relating with all the fire of youth,

youth, the particulars of his campaigns.

This was the subject of our discourse, (I shall not say of our conversation) when Hubert entered ; you know old Hubert, his Hussar-like air, martial mein, enormous whiskers, and the tone of military bluntness with which he delivered me the report, had such an effect on Mrs. Ulrich and Henrietta, that they betrayed evident marks of fear at the appearance and aspect of this formidable veteran ; but our host, whose heart already warmed to your old favourite, exclaimed, “ What a
 “ Hussar have you here, Major !
 “ but is he as brave as he appears
 “ to be ? does his character correspond with his air ?

I assured

I assured him that the mein and countenance of Hubert did not deceive him, I then related to him what I had seen and heard of this brave man ; who, at the particular instance of the good Ulrich is to lodge with us during our stay here.

I cannot send you any detail of our operations in the field ; we have not yet seen the face of an enemy ; they continue to speak of peace with a degree of confidence : however it be, I recur to patience, and that indeed is no virtue in this house, where my affections are allied to all who compose the family, but above all to—but you well know of whom I would speak ; the more I examine my heart, the more I am convinced

convinced the wound is deep and dangerous; I love indeed to desperation, but the passion which Henrietta inspires is controuled by a sentiment so delicate and honourable, as makes me fearful of offending it, even by a declaration of the purest and tenderest attachment. Adieu, my friend, think often of your dear Hussar; answer this letter soon, and believe me sincerely ever thine.

LEOPOLD WOLKMAR.

LETTER.

LETTER II.

HENRIETTA TO WERNER.

TWO tedious days have now elapsed, and I have not yet beheld thy wished for return; I number with fond impatience the lingering moments which prolong your absence, dear Werner! How is this? what reason, what event can justify your unkind delay? The more I examine my heart, the more I perceive that an excess of love for Werner is its only subject of self reproach, and how can that heart which adores, offend thee? thou knowest, yes, too well thou knowest that I love thee a thousand times more than myself; I have notwithstanding,

withstanding, endured this painful interval, alone supportable by the expectation of thy speedy return.

Perhaps the arrival of the troops detains you from me, but should you then cease to appear here, were it but for a moment? ah! if you knew how to love like Henrietta, the pleasure of seeing her, would indeed become an object of importance.

But you will come this day, dear friend! the pleasing presentiment is an inspiration of my heart, it would indeed suffer too much in entertaining a contrary idea; come, you will find me under the great elm, where, since we last parted, I have expected
your

your arrival with tender and anxious impatience.

We have some of the military quartered at our house, one of them a Major of Hussars, a most amiable man, and very different from the generality of his profession; his goodness gains the hearts of all, his soldiers call him their father, and his domesticks speak highly in his praise; my father holds him in particular esteem, and never ceases to repeat that he has a soul the most elevated and the most generous. I am persuaded of this, the entire tenour of his conduct justifies the opinion. His person is agreeable, his air dignified and commanding, his visage, of the most lively freshness, is shaded by thick whiskers
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which he relieves those whose distresses claim his bounty. There is an old soldier of his Squadron lodged with us, whom I have heard declare, that had he fifty lives he would sacrifice them all for his officer. Come, dear Werner, and see this old warrior, of whom my father says, that never did mortal better fill the idea which is entertained of the god Mars; there is not a part of his visage, in which blows of the sabre have not written, that he has never shunned the occasion of honourable wounds.

He made his first campaigns in the regiment of S. but, says he, we were then more like banditti than soldiers, and if I was brave, it was merely from the thirst of

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plunder.

plunder. In one of our excursions, I was made prisoner by a squadron of Prussian Hussars, in which Mr. Wolkmar was then a Lieutenant. I engaged myself under him, it is since that time that I have become truly a soldier, and how could it be otherwise? since, not a day passes, that the Major does not, in himself, give us an example of bravery and subordination.

The Major,——always the Major! methinks I hear you exclaim, can you speak to me of nothing else? It is true, but believe me, my dear and amiable Charles, faultlessly true, I acknowledge that I mention him with pleasure, that I dwell untired on a subject in which the heart of your Henrietta is conscious of a
peculiar

peculiar interest ; but can I help it ? there is in the whole curacy but one opinion of this respectable man, and that opinion is combined of love and of esteem. My father and mother unceasingly repeat that he is good and that he is amiable, and I will venture to say that the heart of Werner which sympathizes in whatever is excellent, will soon hold the same language. Preserve yourself, meanwhile, from any jealousy of that affectionate sentiment which attaches me to him, I am sensible that I love you a thousand times more than him, my affection for Mr. Wolkmar is of a particular and indefinable nature, but as I can best express it, it seems to me, the sentiment with which a heart well formed, and

guarded in its affections, is filled for the best of fathers. It is a pure and respectful attachment, an interior voice which conducts me to him, a superiour force, a secret love, of which the irresistible virtue compels me to obey the impulse, and draws me, as it were involuntarily, towards this man. I never see him, I never meet him, without thrilling with pleasure and satisfaction; this sentiment is sometimes so prevailing and imperious, that if decency did not restrain me, I would throw myself into his arms, and load him with the tenderest caresses. He often calls me his daughter, ah! Werner! and with a tone so affectionate, so touching, that I cannot hear the expression without transport. And
will

will you censure me for confessing that such a father would be dear to my heart? such a happiness would indeed fill the wishes of your friend, and if my soul be susceptible of a higher desire, it is, that the most sacred ties should unite me to Werner.

When I examine my heart, when I explore its most secret recesses, and endeavour to ascertain the nature of that sentiment which attaches me to him, I dare with confidence assure myself, that his nobility, his riches, his distinguished military rank, influence me not in the remotest degree; my reason, however weak, has not in this instance, been dazzled by the favours of
C 4 fortune

fortune, or the honours, which he enjoys ; no ! 'tis the beauty of his soul, the goodness of his heart, these are the qualities of excellence and good which have endeared him to me with all the prevalence of a lively and chaste affection. I trust not to my own judgment on this occasion, I have not lived long enough to be certain that I might not be the dupe of its fallacy, I doubt my inexperience, but when every breath is unanimous in this favourable suffrage, and has but one invariable expression of desert, to delineate his character, as the bravest, the most virtuous and most amiable of men, I, surely may be allowed to join the universal sentiment, justified by my
own

own observation, and the inclination of my heart.

The Major has no children, he is not even married ; weigh well the words which he addressed to me yesterday evening, “ If I “ were so happy to have you for “ a daughter, I should consider “ myself as a favourite of heaven, “ and the most fortunate of men.” His words descended deeply into my heart ; and the impression remains indelible ! they were accompanied with a sigh, such as the painful recollection of woe extorts ; the feelings of your Henrietta were reciprocal, but I suppressed them ; I was indeed prompted to give way to the effusions of my heart, by a more than common sympathy. This in-

cident has given birth to a croud of sad reflections ; I think of my parents, I ask myself, who were thy parents, poor and unhappy orphan ? an obscure veil envelopes thy birth, thou knowest not the authour of thy days, and never in this world shalt thou utter the sweet name of father ; never, good God ! shall I enjoy the tender endearments of a parent's fondness, never hear myself called by the delighting name of daughter !

My heart, filled with a sentiment ardent to expand itself, effuseth its feelings with a constant and overflowing, yet unexhausted plenitude.—How many pages to express so small a part of what I feel ! but I must conclude, remember

member Werner, that thy Henrietta reckons upon the pleasure of seeing thee soon, and of hearing thee again repeat thy wonted declaration, that thou lovest her, and lovest her alone.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R I I I .

WERNER to HENRIETTA.

YOUR conjecture, my amiable Henrietta, was well-founded ; it is indeed the arrival of the troops that hath prevented me from meeting thee under the great elm. Detested war ! how thy cursed satellites embarrass us ! Would to God they were besieging Vienna, or that they were any where but with us ; we have five officers, and all their servants ; we should, notwithstanding, be easy enough, if these men of war were all of the same caliber ; but if two of them are men of honour, three others

others are devils and profligates, whom I would most heartily re-mand to from whence they came.

How happy you are with the Major ! he is a gallant man, but beware, Henrietta, guard well those affections which I prize above any thing on earth. Have always in your thoughts, and never for a moment forget it, that these soldiers are to us what the destructive hail is to the fields when crowned with the yellow riches of Autumn. This caution appears to me the more necessary, as in speaking of him you seem to take too much pleasure : you revert oftener to him than is consistent with the peace of Werner, or the partiality which he flatters himself you entertain

ertain for him, a partiality which constitutes his sole felicity.

What ravages have not these whiskered men committed ! they have burnt cities, pillaged villages, sacked hamlets, ravaged our dwellings, destroyed our flocks ; nor are these all the mischiefs they have done us ; how many families dishonoured ! what tears and lamentations have marked their calamitous progress ! My poor cousin Marianne ! was not she in the number of these unfortunate victims ? A lieutenant of Hussars who was quartered with us, in contempt of the sacred laws of hospitality, did he not become her seducer ? and what was the despair of the dear, unhappy girl, in finding herself violated,

lated, abandoned, and exposed to infamy and shame? Trust the apprehensions of thy Charles, dear Henrietta, suspect these devils of men in fur; if any thing untoward should happen, and a poor man should venture to stammer out his just complaint, their immediate reply is the *fabre*, of which the use constitutes their only, and indeed, too effectual logic.

No, I cannot think of them without trembling; heavens! if you deceive me! if you become unfaithful! I swear to thee by whatever is most sacred, if ——— no, I shall not hesitate, for what other resource is then left me, what other oblivion in which to bury the remembrance of thy inconstancy,

constancy, but to seek death, to become—a Hussar! and not with the Prussians, but with the Imperialists. I shall then perhaps, find an opportunity of avenging my wrongs upon him who has become my rival in your affections.—

But,—no, amiable and dear girl, no, my Henrietta, that dreaded transfer of thy heart may yet be far, very far, distant; and yet surely the encouragement which the Major receives, might justify my apprehensions; fie, Henrietta! kiss a whiskered Hussar! just Heaven! and I have scarcely ever been emboldened to kiss thee!

What a punishment, Henrietta, the necessity that compels my absence from thee! think what I must suffer, ah! were these

these military to decamp! there is a rumour of peace, but our guests will not hear it spoken of, they assure us that the King is as averse to it as they. However, if the senior officers are to be credited, the King is very far from thinking like these young subalterns. I just now heard one of the old officers thus addressing himself to some of these unfledged heroes, "Gentlemen, you know not yet what is war, believe me, that when you have experienced it, you will be amongst the first who will wish for peace." They answered with a laugh, "'tis very well:" "Gentlemen," continues the old soldier, "wait however, till the first action in which you are engaged, we shall then see if

"you

"you will be equally disposed to
"merriment."

Be circumspect and reserved,
my dear Henrietta ; this ad-
vice is comprehensive, and in-
cludes my perpetual wish ; to ex-
press myself more openly, would
imply a diffidence perhaps un-
founded, and injurious to the
affection which you bear to
Werner.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

HENRIETTA to WERNER.

I HAVE received the books by your servant Figer, amongst them I find Telemachus, with your annexed observations on the character of Antiope, which you recommend as a model of female excellence ; the portrait is indeed a charming one, but, perhaps, inimitable too ; the rich and descriptive genius of Fenelon, like that of his favourite Plato, delighted to expatiate in the regions of theory, and to create forms of ideal perfection, resplendent, beauteous, and captivating indeed to the eye of contemplation, but rarely, if ever, exemplified in practice.

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Eut

But wilt thou not come, Werner? How much this absence afflicts me!——'Tis only when engaged in writing to you, that I find a temporary abatement of that chagrin which your absence creates.

Your last letter seems to censure my partiality for Mr. Wolkmar. Is it then possible that thou art jealous? What extravagance! Sufficiently apprized of the vivacity of your disposition, I wish not for this unpleasing proof of it; but banish these disgusting apprehensions; Mr. Wolkmar is as incapable of supplanting you in the affections of Henrietta, as

*

her

her heart is of detaching itself from Werner : once more, I say it is a folly, thus to abandon yourself to the delusions of fancy ; become not an Hussar, live in peace, and let my dear Wolkmar live : Do you know the singular wish that you have given birth to ? that of being possessed of the power of invisibility, and to have witnessed unseen, and at my ease, the emotions which dictated your last letter, which, however, is sufficiently expressive of what passed in your heart ; I perceive your martial mein, terrific aspect, like that of old Hubert ; you indeed wanted his formidable whiskers, and it would have been a feast to me, to have approached softly, and, with a little

tle foot, presented you with a most superb pair. Jestng apart, you would wish to frighten me by thus depicting yourself as a death's head Hussar, to whom it was but a pastime to give and to receive death. But pray wound me no more with these horrible expressions ; they give me inexpressible pain.

I have often told you, and if you take pleasure in obliging me to repeat it, I am not the less pleased to repeat it still ; for truths, you know, please by repetition ; assure yourself, then, of the heart of Henrietta, and be not such a Quixote in love as to create chimeras merely for the sake of combating them. I am
thine

thine alone, and ever will be but
 thine ; after these assurances, canst
 thou still cherish such unjust,
 such unkind ideas, and draw such
 alarming inferences from my
 friendship for Mr. Wolkmar ? I
 have already explained the nature
 of my sentiments, and the purity
 of his,——“ My daughter, my
 “ amiable daughter, affianced to
 “ my soul by the rare and re-
 “ spectable qualities of innocence
 “ and candour,—my dear Hen-
 “ rietta.”——These are the fa-
 vourite appellations he gives me,
 and I frankly avow that I hear
 them always with renewed plea-
 sure ; praise, my dear Werner,
 is ever grateful, but doubly so
 from a character so virtuous, re-
 spectable and discerning, as Mr.
 Wolkmar ; whose conduct is the
 noblest

noblest commentary on the excellent precepts, which, with the tender sollicitude of a parent, he constantly enforces. When I play on the harpsichord, he approaches, seats himself near me, requests me to sing, and accompanies me; he does more, dear Werner: Wilt thou be pleased if I avow it? But my heart tells me I should conceal nothing from you: Well, my dear friend, he gives me a kiss; and further, this kiss gives me a sensible pleasure. But to express to you the nature of that pleasure, I am indeed at a loss. This kiss resembles not those which you sometimes rob me of; I feel no rapid emotion, I perceive not my heart to flutter and palpitate, as at the similar surprizes

prizes of your fondness; I then wish, in spite of the agitation which I feel, that these moments were eternized, and that the impression of your lips might never be effaced; but in Mr. Wolkmar's kisses, I am insensible of any thing like this; I taste a pleasure calm, innocent, refined; it is exactly as if I had kissed my father. You know well, my dear friend, that the good Ulrich often kisses me, and these marks of paternal tenderness from the respectable minister, have never alarmed your susceptible jealousy.

Mr. Wolkmar went from hence yesterday morning for B * * *, it was late in the evening when he

D returned

returned, and can you believe that he has availed himself of this short absence, to make me a present? I will not set you to guess, because you could not easily imagine how far he has carried his kind attentions. He has brought me a piece of that rich, fashionable stuff, in which the daughter of the Baron of F*** is so proud of being dressed; to this he added an elegant pair of ear-rings, and other valuables. Well, Charles, I can assure you that these presents concerned me even to displeasure; this proceeding seemed to me even to exceed politeness. I have a sufficiency of dresses, and ornaments without them, and if I please thee in those that thou art accustomed to

see

see me wear, I wish for no other ; of all the ribbons that I possess, none pleases me so well as that which you presented me. I was half inclined to refuse them, but that I could not do without the appearance of rudeness, and, besides, that the merit of the donour conferred a value on the gift, his obliging and elegant manner left me not at liberty to reject it ; the expressions which accompanied the present, enhanced its worth a thousand fold ;——“ Receive, my
“ dear child, these trifles, may
“ they serve to recall me to thy
“ remembrance when I shall have
“ parted from thee, perhaps for
“ ever ; and to end all compli-
“ ments upon the subject, give
“ me a kiss, and I lay me occasi-

D 2 onally

“onally an air upon the harpfi-
“chord.”

You see I conceal nothing from you ; think not then that this innocent familiarity can be productive of aught inimical to your peace, or to my own honour. His sentiments towards me, are those of a tender father ; mine towards him, as those of an affectionate and respectful daughter.

But, be assured, dear Werner, however great my regard for Mr. Wolkmar may be, that I will not keep any part of his present, if it gives thee the least dissatisfaction.

I shall

I shall conclude, again entreating you to pay us a visit to the curacy. Can you not resolve on coming after so unusual, so tedious an absence? Suffer me not to doubt that I still possess a place in your heart.

LETTER V.

WERNER to HENRIETTA.

TO-morrow evening, happen what will, I shall be with thee; but expect me not under the great

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elm;

elm; I shall go directly to the curacy, having a commission from my father for Mr. Ulrich: besides, I wish to have an interview with the major. You must invite me to supper, but if you do not wish to torment me, sit not near that Hussar; if you do, I shall swallow nothing but poison; as to old Hubert, against whom you seem prejudiced on account of his former sanguinary exploits, I entreat that you will grant him your pardon. Can we tell what his regrets and self-reproaches may have been, when reflection has obtruded upon his cooler moments, and the still voice of reason and humanity has passed its severe and impartial censure on the impulses of passion, and the

(perhaps

almost animated canvas, the beautiful imagery of nature ;—the pen of the poet, when the powers of genius, and the divinity of love combine to inspire, to exalt, to enkindle, and to inform, are alike unable to express the power and effects of this passion.

Absence, my Henrietta, is the lover's night, obscuring our pleasures, aggravating and augmenting every evil ; and, as the luminary of day to the world, which from it receives light and animation, so is the presence of lovers to each other.

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D 4

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(perhaps

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(perhaps involuntary) acts of professional outrage ?

Adieu, my dear Henrietta, I shall count the flow moments till to-morrow evening.

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LETTER VI

WOLKMAR to WISENAU.

I am constantly, my dear William, with the respectable minister, but I must in candour avow, that the pleasure of being near the amiable Henrietta, is the secret motive which principally attaches me to the curacy ; Ulrich, Henrietta, and myself, may indeed be termed the three inseparables. I could unceasingly expatiate on the estimable qualities of this lovely girl ; beautiful and wise as an angel, the more I see her, the more I love her, and my admiration receives additional encrease from every interview : to
all

all the advantages of nature, she unites those of a cultivated mind; the venerable pastor has been her preceptor; the earliest ideas of her opening years expanded beneath, and were directed by, the guidance of divine truth, and impressive wisdom; these have familiarized her to the knowledge of, and formed her to the practice of every virtue. Deficient indeed in the adventitious advantages of rank and fortune, she possesses those rare and more estimable qualities, which at once constitute the true dignity, as the true felicity, of our nature. Nor is Henrietta unpossessed of that knowledge of the world, without which, every system of education must be defective;—for this, so rarely acquired but by adversity, and an experimental

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experimental knowledge of the depravity of mankind, she is indebted to the consummate wisdom, the experience, and the discerning observation of Ulrich.

Having thus strengthened and fortified her mind by the principles of manly virtue, he placed her as a boarder at B * * *, where that plan of education which the curate had adopted, received its completion; a stay of three years under the partial care of an amiable and accomplished preceptress, has embellished her understanding with every elegant accomplishment which gives heightening and efficacy to the gifts of nature, and the charms of virtue. She plays on the harpsichord, and sings, ————— ah ! William,
I often

I often wish you present on these occasions ;——what a voice, what strength and sweetness! what enchanting melody! she expresses herself with gracefulness and ease in her native language, speaks French and Italian to admiration, but when she sings some passages in the charming *Canzoni* in the latter, particularly when she warbles forth her favourite *IL POTAGER IN COLORNO*——

Canto il pomifero

Co lorniano

Bel suolo : Porgiami

Tu buon Silvano

Le pastorali

Canne ineguali.

Tu dolce ispirale ; &c.

no, there exists not a soul insensible

ble enough to resist the sentiment which she inspires; at those moments I feel inclined to forego my scepticism of the fables of antiquity, and to allow some degree of verity to the tale of Orpheus.

The good Minister has for her the tender affection of the best of fathers, his sole care, anxiously devoted to the encouragement of those happy dispositions, omits nothing which can contribute to accomplish that desirable end; he buys for her every good book that appears, particularly French and English, he is extremely partial to the latter, and the *Clarissa* of Richardson, the *Tom Jones* of Fielding, but above all the inimitable *Vicar* of Goldsmith, are ranged with the *Contes Moraux* of Marmontel,

Marmontel, the *Marianne* of Marivaux, and the sublime performances of *Böhmer*, *Klopstock* and *Gessner*; indeed there is no need to remain long in this charming house to perceive how much this amiable girl has profited by her readings.

Who can this divine creature be, my dear William? you cannot conceive to what a degree I am interested for her, and how ardently I desire to see raised, that veil which conceals from me, the secret of her birth. The curate does not seem inclined to an explanation; indeed, apprehensive that he might misinterpret my curiosity, I have not hazarded a direct question on the subject; I have been still more reserved
with

with the amiable girl, of whose delicacy I am well aware. I know, beyond a doubt, that she is unrelated to him either by blood, or by alliance ; this is all I can discover ; I have however, some dependance on old Hubert, whom I have charged to collect in an indirect and discreet manner, every possible information that can be obtained from the inhabitants of the village. All that he has as yet learnt is, that she was found in his garden by the Minister in her infancy, wrapped in swaddling cloaths, and that he reared her.

Hubert, however, shall return to the charge, and he will be unfortunate indeed, if his indefatigable zeal discovers nothing,
more,

more, either here, or in the environs.

But I forget myself, my dear friend ; I indeed think only, see only, speak only of Henrietta ; what must you think of me, still pursuing this invariable subject ? I avow it, my heart is filled with it, it is a sentiment with which it overflows ; should I therefore fear that it would exhaust the patience of a friend ? I know not how to speak of any thing else, besides, there is nothing new here ; they talk of peace ; I know that our politicians labour to bring it about ; my troop however, who, as is usual with the generality of mankind, are not disposed to believe in, or countenance that, to which their inclinations or professional

professional pursuits render them averſe, if the deciſion were ſubmitted to them, would, after the faſhion of Alexander, diſſolve the Gordian knot of our negotiations with their ſabres.

For my part, my dear William, I ſhall by no means take the field with a diſpoſition ſo martial as that of my Huſſars, the curacy has proved to me, what Capua has heretofore to Hannibal; but, however inglorious the effect, the cauſe is by no means equally ſo; Hannibal, or his men for him, loſt or debaſed their military character by abandoning themſelves to the vice and ſenſuality of a corrupt and luxurious city; I, yielding to the remonſtrances of humanity, of that humanity, which has inſenſibly reſumed its rights

rights in my heart, cannot now, without shuddering, reflect on the hideous evils into which war precipitates its crouds of victims; whilst beneath the habit of a Hussar, I declare these sentiments, my martial ardour is yet unextinguished, as my proper courage is unabated; but whilst prompt to serve with intrepidity and zeal, the august sovereign who commands us, I surely may be permitted, amidst the din of war, to lament the inevitable calamities which it brings on mankind!

He, who has only read of war in books, or contemplated its destructive operations at a distance, may speak and write at his ease concerning it; with feelings however, very different from those which

which its immediate presence must inspire ; but he, who like me has been often an active co-operator in it, cannot resist a certain horror at the prospect which a renewal of such atrocious scenes presents ; if we are to have war, I am ready ; if peace, I return my blade into its scabbard, and I say to it without regret,——“ be still, “ cruel homicide, seek not to ~~bathe~~ “ thyself in blood.”——And I doubt not, but our great King, the father of his people, thinks exactly as his faithful subject and soldier. Adieu.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R VII.

The Same to the Same.

I Cannot express the pain I suffer from the idea of quitting this delightful mansion, of being separated from the amiable Henrietta; What! methinks I hear you say, have you not already said enough of her?—if that tire, thee William, expect no consolation, your weariness is not near terminated: I wish to make her known to thee, and not to suffer the smallest trait of her character to escape thee. It happened this morning, that a Huf-
far

far having most loyally maltreated his host for speaking somewhat highly of the Emperour, I, in order to maintain good order, condemned the offender to receive fifty strokes of the knout, and directed that they should be administered upon the lawn before the cure. But were you to see the grief of the good Minister and of Henrietta on this occasion; and with what persuasive eloquence both, particularly the latter, pleaded for the culprit; what charms in this fair union of beauty and compassion! she would, indeed, have been less fair had she been less good; but it was necessary the fellow should be punished; therefore, to preserve the due medium between the example due to justice, and the requisition

requisition of the beautiful intercessor, I remitted half the punishment; but he had scarcely received four blows, when the poor child threw herself at my feet, and entreated me so powerfully in his behalf, that I immediately cried out "enough."——Think, Wisenau, how she recompensed my complaisance? She seized my hand, kissed it, and, with a sweetness that would have disarmed a tyger, she presented me her delicate little mouth, that I might take the reward of my lenity in a kiss.

What think'st thou, William? Is it not apparent that she loves me? I have many proofs of it, my friend, and must indeed be insensible were I to refuse their evidence:

evidence : As to my sentiments of her, I think I have already sufficiently expressed them. Love indeed resembles old age in one trait, that of prolixity and repetition, ever reverting to its favourite subject. But how is it that my present sentiments resemble not those which I have experienced on former familiar occasions ? Is it that I am too old to burn with a flame so violent as heretofore ? Have advancing years already cooled my senses, and consumed that ardour which was so natural to me ? Can it be possible ? I have seen but fifty years, my health is unimpaired, I am sensible that in vigour and activity, few Hussars surpass me. No, my friend, years have not yet reaped all the harvest

vest of my youth, nor made such
cruel ravages in my strength.—

Adieu, I am summoned to head
quarters ; to-morrow I shall re-
sume.

In Continuation.

SURELY I no longer know
myself, my soul is changed, I
have deceived, grossly deceived
myself : but yesterday secure in
the affections of Henrietta, pos-
sessed, as I fondly imagined, of
the most convincing proofs of
her attachment, behold the pleas-
ing illusion vanish !

Henrietta loves ! of that I
have indeed undoubted proofs ;
but Wisenau ! that lover is not
E thy

thy friend ! no, it is not I who am, the favoured object ; but I have seen him, yesterday evening seen this friend, who, if appearances have not much deceived me, is the sole possessor of the heart of Henrietta, and who, since I must render him impartial justice, is indeed formed to please. Figure to yourself a fine slightly young fellow, muscular as Hercules, glowing with health, expressing himself with ease, nothing vulgar or inelegant in his language, nothing of rudeness in his manners ; he possesses a plain and unaffected politeness, equally exempt from the pantomime manner of the Parisian, and the clownish rusticity of the German : such, dear Wisenau, is the happy man who has obtained

ed the precedency of your friend,
in pleasing the beautiful and ac-
complished Henrietta.

This young man supped with
us yesterday evening ; his beha-
viour to me was at first that of
marked reserve ; which, however
gradually dissipated. His educa-
tion seems to have been very
good ; he is amusing, gay, and
has an uncommon versatility of
agreeable knowledge, the result of
extensive reading, and acute obser-
vation on mankind. He is son
of the Syndic of a neighbouring
town, a man reputed rich, and the
friend of my venerable host.

Henrietta first betrayed herself ;
her fine eyes, ordinarily so sweet,
appeared as burning mirrors fixed

on her friend. Happy he who can bear their ardour without being consumed with a fruitless and unextinguishable passion ! In ten minutes the whole mystery was unfolded. The glances of Werner announced the mutuality of their passion. Can you believe me, Wisenau, that so far from becoming desperate, confused, irritated, at this sudden discovery, and the appearance of a favoured rival ; I felt myself penetrated with an indefinable sentiment of the most lively satisfaction ? And that I was on the point of pouring forth in words the sole sentiment which at that moment expanded my soul, that of desiring nothing more than to contemplate without regret, and without envy,

the.

the charming pair? Yes! said I to myself, they are made for each other! May Heaven crown their union with blessings, and grant that their children be like them!

It is then, neither Cupid nor his Mother, that hath inspired the sincere and passionate interest I take in Henrietta: I cannot comprehend how it is; since my attachment, far from abating, becomes so great, that when at a distance from her, life becomes an almost insupportable burthen; do you, Wif nau, you whose sagacity is skilled to develope the secret intricacies of the human heart, can you explain this phenomenon?

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I have built upon this tender convention of the two lovers, a project which highly pleases me. This young man, whose name is Charles Werner, will one day be very rich, and my dear child will be very far from being so; the minister not being in a state to leave her much. That the disparity of their fortunes may be no obstacle to so fine a union, I have determined on giving her a portion. I therefore entreat that you send me a bill of exchange for two thousand ducats on B***, with all possible expedition, for who knows how long we may remain here? Now, in momentary expectation of facing the enemy, it must be my care that a ball shall not prevent my intentions

tions in favour of these two lovers. Hasten then, my dear friend, to the execution of this important commission ; it involves the dearest interests of my heart. Adieu.

LETTER VIII.

From the Same to the Same.

TO-MORROW, perhaps this evening, I make my angel a last adieu. Address your letter, inclosing the bill mentioned in my last, to the Reverend Erasmus Ulrich, Minister at * * *, intimating, that, whether I be absent or killed, this money belongs to Henrietta. Confess, Wisenau, that you envy my felicity at this moment; yes, generous man! You are indeed jealous, that I have in
this

this instance anticipated your own liberal intentions ! Can we, my friend, apply to better purposes, that affluence which we hold from the divine hand ? “ The poor and “ stranger,” says Homer, “ are “ sent us by Jupiter.”—And, happy is the man, who, possessing the means to do good, emulates the bounty of the Most High, and finds, at least once in his life, the happy occasion of conferring his benefits judiciously.—If he suffers the opportunity to be lost, he deserves never again to recover it. I have neither wife nor child ; my brother is sufficiently opulent ; I cannot then, appropriate my ample fortune in a manner more useful, or more agreeable. Ah ! my dear friend ! I am at this mo-

ment, conscious of a pleasure
 the most pure and ineffable; and
 my soul acquires renewed warmth
 and vigour in thus assimilating it-
 self to the source of true felicity.
 Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

WERNER TO HENRIETTA.

WHAT a noble character is this Wolkmar ! I could be lavish in his praise ;—yes, I permit you to love him, and I declare to you that I love him most sincerely myself. The Colonel who lodges with us is certainly an agreeable man, but I know no more of him ; whilst my opinion of your friend, is, that there is in the world but one Wolkmar. Our officers who have known him in the last war, assure us that he conducted himself therein as a
brave

brave and good soldier, and that our great Frederick, who knows his courage and capacity, esteems him highly ; all this, however, is but the commendation of one soldier to another ; the excellent qualities and mild virtues of Wolkmar, those amiable traits of character which evince him the friend of humanity ; constitute his best claim to the distinguished place he holds in the estimation and regard of all who know him ; we should indeed love him, Henrietta ; we should never refuse our homage to merit and to virtue.

If it be possible, my dear Henrietta, I shall be with you to-morrow evening. You see how complacent I am, in dispensing with that reserve towards Mr. Wolkmar,

mar, which I had exacted from you ; I shall bring my violin, you shall play on the harpsichord, the good Ulrich shall sing, and we will all do our best to amuse the amiable soldier. Adieu, adorable girl. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER X.

HENRIETTA to WERNER.

I am highly pleased with your encomiums on our military friend; but this pleasure is considerably abated by a very disagreeable incident. If you ask me what that incident is, I can only answer that my ignorance of it is not the least part of my pain; but I am conscious of, I know not what secret presentiments which forewarn me that it may be attended by very important consequences. Our dear Major has appeared since yesterday evening extremely dejected.

jected. Good God! Charles, what can have happened to him? I am quite dispirited, and am lost in conjectures; no stranger has arrived here since yesterday, no letters, no messages; it exceeds my penetration, and I dare not question Hubert, who is in the Major's confidence.

Fail not to come this evening; your chearing presence is indeed necessary; bring your violin, I shall accompany you with my voice, and harpsichord, and we shall perhaps succeed in dissipating the chagrin of our dear Hussar. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

WERNER to HENRIETTA.

'T IS well, Henrietta!—'tis well!—unfortunate Werner!—But I might have foreseen this! You seem unconscious, then, Henrietta, of the cause of Mr. Wolkmar's disorder. I know it well.—Do you remember the story of ANTIOCHUS and STRATONICE related by your favourite Rollin?—Ah! Henrietta! without pretending to the penetration of ERISASTRATUS, I am but too sensible that our love for each other, affords the truest explanation

tion of the Major's mysterious grief, and, as he is confessedly enamoured of thee, is it surprizing that his passion, crossed as it is by mine, should give him dissatisfaction and disquietude? Are not the tormenting pangs of jealousy proverbial? Ah! Henrietta! every thing accords, too well accords with thy wishes; but thou, unfortunate, and now-to-be-deserted Werner, without those pretensions of rank and fortune which the Major possesses, what will become of thee?

Henrietta must then be the prey of a Hussar! the idea rends my heart; I already feel the approaches of despair, already form a thousand projects of vengeance; —but I console myself with the reflexion,

reflexion, that whilst I live, the possessor of Henrietta shall not enjoy his conquest in peace.

Accursed soldiers ! detested war ! may Bavaria, that cause of contention, be swallowed by the waves ! the King pretends to lead these men against his enemies, whilst they are laudably employed in seducing the women of his country.

No ! I shall not go to the curacy ; I can no longer reckon on your affections, no longer confide in you ; do as you please, I am determined.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

HENRIETTA TO WERNER.

MEN actuated by the fatal and ungovernable impulse of passion, resemble the impetuous torrent, which, breaking down the dikes, and sweeping before it every opposing barrier, overwhelms all in undistinguishable destruction. What malignant spirit, at enmity with your peace, has inspired you with such false ideas of Mr. Wolkmar? prompting you to misinterpret the sentiments, the behaviour, of the best of men, and thus abandon yourself

yourself to the wild and dangerous impulse of jealousy, rage, and resentment? If, however, the voice of reason can be heard amidst this tumult of passions, attend, but know, that I aspire to nothing less than to kill you with shame and self reproach for your unwarrantable suspicions, your unkind upbraidings.

Know then, that yesterday evening I embraced, I clasped in these arms, the worthy, the generous man whom you so injuriously and so lightly treat in your last letter; I have done more, I have wet his face with my tears,—tears of gratitude and joy; Ulrich and his wife who witnessed this enviable tribute of the heart of Henrietta, would have pressed him

him to their bosom with a fervour equal to her own.

If thy heart was in unison with thy lips, when thou hast reiterated those tender protestations of an inviolable attachment; revert, Werner, to thine own feelings, and if from them thou canst not with the aptitude of real love, explain rightly these pure evidences of fond regard bestowed on Mr. Wolkmar; you indeed deserve that I should punish you in delivering you to the effects of your ill-grounded jealousy.

You have often declared that you loved me, your eyes have conveyed with so fascinating an expression the tender sentiments of your soul, their fires so powerfully

erfully aided the persuasive language of passion, that I in vain endeavoured to restrain the insuppressible inclinations of a heart ardent to unite with thine ; in vain endeavoured to dissemble its weakness, at the moment that it yielded to the involuntary and powerful impulse of an irresistible fondness. You have often declared that the happiness of your life consisted in the union of your fate with that of Henrietta, in an inseparable and eternal union. A thousand times you have sworn that no other than Henrietta should witness your vows, or be the object of your partial attentions.—But say, Werner, has thy father, who is in the enjoyment of opulence, given his sanction to your addresses ? He who

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who considers his son as entitled to a rich heiress, will he prefer one who has no fortune? to whom even the advantage of knowing the authours of her being, is denied? And have you, like a child, abused yourself with visionary hopes, and impracticable projects, overlooking, or studious to conceal from yourself, objects perhaps insurmountable, to the completion of your wishes? Suspend your judgment, my friend, learn what passed here yesterday evening, and then compare your odious suspicions, your violent transports, with the candour and disinterested generosity of Mr. Wolkmar.

He came in a short time before supper; my father, mother, and
I,

I, were together ; instead of going as usual into his chamber, he came to us, and seated himself near me ; my eyes that just before had exhibited the languor which chagrin produces, immediately resumed their vivacity, and my heart became again sensible of joy, on seeing the countenance of Mr. Wolkmar brighten with that chearful serenity which resembles the sun-rise of a fine morning in Spring. " Come, my " dear Henrietta, sit beside me," said he in an affectionate tone, " I have something to say to " thee." He took my hands in his, and pressed them, fondly pressed them.

" Is it not true, Henrietta," said he, regarding me with a sweet

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five eyes
" that
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sweet glance of those fine expressive eyes which you know he has,) "that Charles Werner is thy lover?" I cast down my eyes, I believe he perceived the conscious glow suffuse my cheeks.

He resumed.——"Speak, my dear child, nor blush at the avowal of sentiments, that, fixed upon a proper object, and directed by a virtuous heart, are as rational as unblameable."——

"Shall I answer for thee, Henrietta?" said the good Ulrich.——"Yes, Mr. Wolkmar, Charles is the lover of Henrietta, but you know the human heart too well, not to allow, that a virtuous girl, in hearing the sentiments of the
F "worthiest

“worthiest of men, can never be
 “too reserved in avowing her
 “own.”

My silence, and the blushes that
 covered my cheeks, were con-
 strued as a full confession. Per-
 haps too, but Werner, do not
 avail yourself of the acknowledg-
 ment;—my eyes, accustomed to
 interpret faithfully the sentiments
 of my soul, served to confirm
 my father’s words.

“Amiable Henrietta,” conti-
 nued Mr. Wolkmar, “be not
 “abashed, I am charmed to read
 “in thy countenance the tran-
 “script of thy soul, devoted as it
 “is to a sentiment of virtuous
 “love; I admire this adorable,
 “this artless candour; Werner
 “is

" is then avowedly the object of
 " your affection, I cannot doubt
 " his worth, since he is suscepti-
 " ble of a love for Henrietta, and
 " is beloved by her. I approve of
 " your choice, and am charmed
 " with the idea that you are
 " shortly to be his. Possessed as
 " you are, of every gift of nature,
 " embellished by education, your
 " beauty and merit should render
 " you independent of fortune, a
 " competence however, is neces-
 " sary, and, your friend, if I am
 " rightly informed, will succeed
 " to a considerable income : to
 " effectuate your happiness is my
 " ardent wish ; for whilst there is
 " aught wanting to your happi-
 " ness, mine must be imperfect ;
 " I, therefore, in endeavouring to
 " obviate so slight an obstacle to

“ your union with Werner, con-
 “ sult also my own felicity. I wish
 “ to portion my dear Henrietta,
 “ and hope she will not refuse
 “ these two thousand ducats to
 “ give me so supreme a satisfaction.
 “ My possessions far exceed my
 “ wants, and I but enrich myself
 “ in making that which is to me
 “ superfluous, contribute to ren-
 “ der you independent and happy.
 “ Condescend also to accept of
 “ this ring : May it be the happy
 “ omen, as the future bond of thy
 “ union with Werner !” —

Well !——what think you of
 this generous proceeding ? reflect
 now upon your last letter, and
 confess the feelings which the con-
 trast of your conduct with that of
 Mr. Wolkmar must excite !——

Whilst

Whilst you detail imaginary injuries, the generous Wolkmar prevents our wishes by the most liberal kindnesses; whilst you misinterpret his every word and action, and place him in the dishonourable rank of a base seducer, he employs himself with unparalled tenderness, delicacy, and generosity in facilitating our union, and, at the moment that the wished-for completion of our happiness approaches, your unjust jealousy accuses him of a desire to separate us. I wish to demonstrate from your example, Werner, to what a degree the passions blind us.

I cannot describe to you, my dear Werner, our feelings on this occasion; my gratitude, the joy

with which my adoptive father and mother were penetrated, at a proposition so noble, and communicated in a manner which doubly enhanced its value. We remained mute, our hearts were full, and their feelings confusedly struggled for utterance, but they were attested by that expressive silence, which, on occasions like this, when every tender, every noble emotion of the soul is awakened, hath its peculiar energy.

My father held the hand of Mr. Wolkmar clasped in his, and bathed it with his tears, your Henrietta wept, and never did her tears flow with a more delicious joy.

Where

Where are now your *thousand projects of vengeance*?——Come this evening, suspicious, jealous man! Come, and expiate thy faults in beholding thyself compelled to acknowledge the superior elevation of the soul of Wolkmar. Come, nor blush in retracting thy errours, and in rendering the justice due to such exalted virtue. Werner! felicitate your Henrietta on the prospect of that happy future which now presents itself.

LETTER XIII.

WERNER to HENRIETTA.

CHARMING evening! the happiest I have ever enjoyed: generous Wolkmar! Yes, Henrietta, I indeed have abundant cause of self-reproach; but how few resemble the Major? Nature but rarely produces those exalted and disinterested spirits which make the happiness of others constitute their own.—My senses are absorbed in joy,—two thousand ducats! yet, believe not, Henrietta, that this augmentation of
your

your fortune can influence, much less be the source of my felicity : No, let not the ungenerous supposition debase the purity of a passion like mine ! This money is no farther estimable, than as it secures the consent of my father to our union, and surely nothing which can promote that is indifferent to me ! Heavens grant that the heart of my Henrietta, sympathizing with mine, may feel a happiness equal to that I at this moment enjoy ! Yes !——Henrietta shall be mine for ever, beyond the power of fate to separate us !

L E T T E R X I V .

WOLKMAR to WISENAU.

EXcellent and valued friend, accept my best thanks for your kind letter, but especially for your punctual attention to my commission; but write no more of an adjustment of accounts; it is a precaution unnecessary, and injurious to a friendship like ours; employ my fortune as you will, and without forgetting any of our poor dependents; they are our best guests, and justly claim their part in that affluence which a favouring Providence has bestowed

stowed on us.—It is my wish,
 that the sum of fifty crowns be
 added to that I sent your son.—
 Suffer not old James to labour
 any more, and render the residue
 of his life as easy as possible ;—
 take particular care of old Gra-
 ber, he saved my life, and my
 gratitude shall endure as long as
 the benefit his valour conferred ;
 —embrace the brave veteran,
 and assure him that he is dear to
 me.

We are still in cantonments
 here. The King, with all the
 fire and activity of youth, appears
 constantly on horseback,—he
 makes us frequent visits. Our good
 Curate has twice accompanied us
 to exercise, and manages the most
 spirited of my chargers with great
 dexterity. . All my people love
 and

and respect him. Will you believe that these sons of steel in a discourse which he lately address'd to them, were moved even to tears? I wish'd at the moment, that we had immediately been called forth to action, we should have cut a regiment in pieces, a certain degree of religious enthusiasm, is the most powerful spring of the human mind.

I have often thought, that soldiers, in whom these great principles were inculcated, would have a greater degree of cool intrepidity, and steady bravery; would fear death less, and deliver themselves less to debauchery. An intelligent officer might direct to the most important end, the discipline, courage, and irresistible enthusiasm

asm of such a disposition. But, it appears to me, that, in our time, they only study to inspire men with fear, and to govern them, as they do in China——by the Baton.

To illustrate what I advance, I shall relate an adventure which occurred to me in Saxony, during the last war ; I then carried the standard, but was sent on an expedition with a party of about fifty men, under my command ; our route lay through a part of the country where it was not likely we should encounter the enemy, when we were suddenly attacked by a numerous body of Hussars ; their superiority disconcerted us ; when an old serjeant cried out, “ There
“ is no alternative, soldiers, we
“ must

“ must conquer or perish !” He set spurs to his horse, and immediately advanced to the charge, crying, “ God is with us ?” “ God” was the general cry, and, as if we had received an extraordinary succour, we attacked them with vivacity, put them to flight, made twenty prisoners, and finished the affair, by returning thanks to the Authour of our victory. Reflect on this, my friend, and you will truly own that the sum of our religion, and our passport to victory that day, was true courage, and a confidence in heaven.

In Continuation.

I have had, my dear friend, a most delicious evening. I would
not

not have given it for the province for which we are about to fight; you will readily perceive that the pleasure to which I allude, involves the young couple; but expect not the detail, suffice it to say, that I am well recompensed, I have with them anticipated the happiness of the blest. They indeed consider me here, as a being of a superiour order.—And are good actions then so rare, that the authour of them should receive a homage which belongs only to the Divinity? Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

HENRIETTA to WERNER.

AN Order has just arrived here from head-quarters, in consequence of which Mr. Wolkmar is preparing for his departure. Good God! how unhappy am I at this moment! what then shall I be, when he leaves us for ever?—To go through fire and blood, and oppose himself to thousands armed for his destruction!—If he dies, I too shall sink to the grave
with

with regret and sorrow.—But
thou shalt not die, generous Wolk-
mar ! If the ardent, the incessant
prayers of Henrietta be heard !

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

HENRIETTA to WERNER,

YOUR presence alone can alleviate my inquietude ; Hubert tells me that Mr. Wolkmar will return to-morrow evening ; the interval appears an age to me.

Hubert has informed me of the cause of Mr. Wolkmar's late dejection ; it did not, as you supposed, arise from chagrin at the discovery of our mutual passion. It was on account of the fire of N**** which had been burnt by the Imperialists in the last war ; so long an interval of time has elapsed since that event, that I
cannot

cannot conceive why the remembrance of it should affect him in so lively a manner. Hubert says, that it arises from the loss of a considerable treasure there. But notwithstanding this disaster, he is still very rich, and his recent liberality proves him to be a person who makes not that false estimate of riches, as that their acquisition or decrease should influence his tranquillity. He must have suffered the loss of a much more valuable treasure than that which gold or silver constitutes. Come, dear Werner, thy Henrietta expects thee.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

WERNER to HENRIETTA.

YOUR sadness is contagious, and I have at present sufficient cause of dejection to debar me from the happiness of visiting you.—My father is much indisposed, and the entire care of the place has devolved upon me. But, banish your apprehensions,—we shall have peace, our officers say so, the Emperor being willing to abandon Bavaria,—unhappy Bavaria!—I have not time to
write

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write more, but I shall soon visit
thee, and recompense myself for
this painful brevity. Adieu, my
dear Henrietta. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

WOLKMAR to WISENAU.

I FOUND your estimable letter here, on my return yesterday from B***; the campaign has not yet opened, all is uncertainty and indecision;—but let us leave to those who govern the world, to ballance the destinies of mortals, let us speak only of our own little affairs. A thousand thanks for your punctuality in respect to the bill of exchange; I cannot describe the felicity of the young couple; Henrietta is
an

an angel, and Werner is a young man of the greatest virtue. I never before experienced so highly the pleasure of being affluent.

You again repeat your desire of being acquainted with those events which have been equally the source of my happiness and misery.——Ah! Wifenu! to what an end do you direct that ascendancy which friendship has allotted you in the heart of Wolkmar!——you require from me the recital of the history of Louisa,—painful task!——renewal of the most poignant affliction!——but perhaps it is not much less painful to refuse whatever request the friendly sympathy of Wifenu may dictate.——

After

After the campaign of fifty-eight, we were sent into winter-quarters. I was then a lieutenant, but the commandant being extremely ill of his wounds, passed the winter at Breslau, and I conducted the squadron to N * * * ; I there lodged in the house of a syndic, who lived in a retired part of the village; he was a widower, and his household consisted of an only daughter, and a few domestics,

—But what a daughter, Wisenau! resembling Henrietta, though not so tall, full as lovely, and as amiable. Vitiating by the detestable example of our military, I considered this charming girl as my prize, but I deceived myself, Louisa's virtue equalled her beauty, and my desire, heightened

heightened by resistance, became an ungovernable passion. My principles, at that time, though formed by men who profess to make honour the governing principle of their conduct, were very far from honourable: I was guided by those convenient and accommodating maxims, so well adapted to the inordinate propensities of youth, and the vices of the heart: I employed, without scruple, all possible means to corrupt and seduce Louisa, but, thank God! none of them succeeded.

I perceived, however, that I was not indifferent to her,—I obtained even some flattering confessions;—from that moment I became sensible how in-

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con-

consistent the pursuits of libertinism were with a real passion; a pure and ardent attachment banished from my heart those vicious sentiments to which it was before devoted, and, from the moment that I truly loved, I became a convert to virtue. I offered Louisa my hand, her fine eyes beamed consent, but she referred me to her father; he, without hesitation, consented to our union.

The freedom of Hymen, which, in sanctioning the tender privileges of love, too frequently dissolves the predispositions of Cupid, augmented my affection; I flattered myself with the prospect of long continued felicity in the possession of Louisa, whose

whose attractive graces, amiable qualities, and estimable endowments, seemed every day to encrease, or rather to develope; —the charms of virtue, my friend, exist longer than those of beauty.

Alas! my dear William, this recital of former happiness, is embittered by the remembrance of the severest woe, —all has vanished as a dream.

The negotiations for peace, which were set on foot during the winter, proving ineffectual, —the campaign was about to open; conceive, if you can, my feelings at the prospect of a separation from Louisa; —death only

could break the ties by which our hearts were united. Now commenced my reflections on the disastrous effects of war, my soul was overwhelmed with sorrow and apprehension, and painfully predictive of some sad event. I shall spare thee, my friend, the picture of our parting,—the fears of Louisa, her bitter anguish,——mine,——thinking on that sad moment, the pen falls from my hand.

Towards the end of March, I joined the corps destined for Saxony; the operations of war were prosecuted with vivacity. The hatred of our soldiers towards the enemy animated their courage, and manifested itself by the most terrible effects. I was engaged

engaged in two of these bloody affairs, and wounded, though but slightly. We made enterprizes of the greatest temerity, which yet were crowned by the most splendid success. The ardour of our troops was incredible ; they forgot the superiority of the enemy, who were every where harassed, attacked, and almost always defeated. These petty successes were the effects of the great victories gained by the King in person.

* *

*

I received at this juncture, the most agreeable news ; Louisa was pregnant, and this token of our love still more endeared her to me, and confirmed indissolubly

our union. The remainder of the campaign appeared to me insupportably tedious. Happy when the approach of winter afforded me a hope of revisiting Louisa, and of enjoying a temporary retreat from the toils and dangers of war, in the bosom of domestic happiness.

It was now become habitual to us to make the most important enterprizes with a few men. We did not ask how many there were of the enemy, but, where they were. My people followed me with confidence and alacrity ; I had a reliance on their bravery, being accustomed to find nothing difficult

difficult to them. Our reputation helped us to conquer.

* *

I set out with my squadron on our return to quarters, loaded with glory and spoil; we thought only of relaxing from our fatigues; when, passing through a forest we were suddenly charged by a body of Hussars. Many of my people were wounded at the first onset,—our prisoners embarrassed us,—the enemy poured on us like hail.

In the course of all my petty engagements, I never beheld a more obstinate combat. In defending myself against the assault

of a Hussar, I received a wound on my forehead, the scar of which still remains. One of my people sprung forward to revenge me, when a pistol-ball entered my groin, and I fell from my horse.

Enveloped in the shades of death, I was totally insensible of what followed.—The courage of my foldiers was now heightened to fury, none wished to survive me, and all wished to avenge me. The enemy, though greatly superior in number, were compelled to retire; my people, exhausted by a long and obstinate conflict, and, for the most part, wounded, suffered them to retreat unmolested.

ed. This was the second victory of that day, but I might now say with Pyrrhus, "such another, and I am undone." My fine squadron was almost ruined. My best soldiers had perished, and were as so many friends whose irreparable loss I regretted. Those who survived, were likely soon to follow them, I suffered less from my own wounds, than from theirs.

* * *

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My brave Hussars now returned to the place where I had fallen. I still remained insensible. The noise, and the efforts they made in removing me, brought me to myself. I opened my eyes ; what a shout
of

of joy, when they perceived that I was alive!—Not one thought any longer of his own disaster. Old Gräber, (dear William, I again commend this faithful fellow to thy care,) leaning over me, uttered a loud cry of joy, a dangerous wound from a sabre, was quite forgotten in his zeal for me,—he lifted me on his shoulders, as Æneas did his father, and bore me to the neighbouring village. They all disputed with him the right of carrying me in their turn, but he would not share the pleasing service with any person.

When I arrived at the village, I found myself unable to proceed farther without imminent danger. I had much difficulty to persuade
my

my people to pursue their route ; they wished to remain as my guards, because the enemy made frequent inroads in their quarter. Graber only remained,—I reiterated my order for his departure. “ My dear officer, ” said he, his eyes dimmed with manly tears, and his hand upon the hilt of his sabre, “ If I leave you, Sir, may God forsake me, now, and for ever ! ” — Graber was then about fifty years old ; represent to yourself, this aged soldier, sinking under a recent wound, and the infirmities of age, yet, animated by an honourable sense of duty, and a strong affection for his officer, exhibiting all the fire and impetuosity of youth. Even Hubert is inferior to him.

The

The day following, the brave Major de Leuwhey sent to enquire the state of my wound ; but, being himself killed three days after, I was carried with his equipage to Freyberg.

I am interrupted by an order from the General ; but shall resume my narrative as soon as leisure permits.—I am less averse to writing since I became an inhabitant of this happy mansion, where every thing contributes to inspire a soothing and tranquil sentiment of joy, long a stranger to the heart of Wolkmar. Henrietta is a divine girl, inventive in dissipating the gloom that sometimes oppresses me even here, by her playful innocence, and amiable manner. Her present happiness

happinefs flowing from the prof-
pect of her union with Werner,
animates her with gladnefs, and
affords me an inexpressible plea-
sure. I should never more have
known happinefs, had I not been
the instrument of conferring it
on them. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

WERNER to HENRIETTA.

I HAVE become a Hussar, Henrietta, and you will surely be satisfied when I tell you that it is in Mr. Wolkmar's squadron. to-morrow, I join them. Do you know what has determined me to this?—Being present at a conversation between the Major, his Lieutenant, and Cornet.—Their words penetrated me like the strokes of a sabre, my heart throbbed, seemed to swell, and wish to burst its inclosure. My dreams

dreams present nought but images of war ; I am in the midst of the fight, I hear the cries of the combatants, and pursue the fugitives. You see, my dear Henrietta, it is decreed that I should be a Hussar. I already feel a pride in the contemplation of my large mustachoes, eyes flashing fire, and a formidable sabre. I shall lay at thy feet all this terrible equipage, and after having inspired the enemy with horror and dismay, fear only thy looks ; in fight, a sanguinary warrior, before thee, a timid slave. Do you not rejoice at having a Hussar for your lover ? Adieu, Henrietta, you will see me in all my glory to-morrow evening.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

HENRIETTA to WERNER.

I AM made a Hussar, Sir, and you must be content, I am enrolled in Mr. Wolkmar's squadron, this evening I join them. I am brave as you, Sir, 'tis true I have no whiskers, nor expect to have any, but I shall find means to supply that defect.

Yes, Mr. Hussar, I shall be one day Major of the squadron, that is a point decided.—

As

As for you, poor child, your project makes me laugh ; you fall upon,—combat,—put to the rout,—cut up—yes, innocent pullets,—roasted partridges.

Youthful folly all, my dear Werner,—but you must be cured of it. Mr. Wolkmar will not take from his father, a son who is absolutely necessary to him, the sole remaining prop of his old age ; besides, have you wounds to shew ? Can you say with Hubert, here is one, here is another,—all honourable ?

Will you leave your parents, your Henrietta, domestic happiness, for every species of danger, fatigue, and all those inconveniencies

iciencies inseparable from a military life ?

Come this evening to the curacy; it is absolutely necessary that I endeavour to reason down your wild project, and dissipate those fumes of military intoxication.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

ADELAIDE to HENRIETTA.

My dear Friend.

THE last letter of my dear Henrietta has communicated to her unfortunate Adelaide, as great a degree of pleasure, as a heart destined to continual infelicity can admit. I am impatient to see you, and, most of my boarders being in the country, I shall embrace the favourable opportunity to pay my long promised visit at the curacy. Tuesday next I shall be with you.

You

You wrong me, dear Henrietta, in supposing that absence has diminished my friendship for you; estimable friendship! which alone has enabled me to endure our long and painful absence; no, Henrietta, that sympathy of heart, that mutuality of soul, from whence our union grew, shall still continue to preserve, pure and unabated, those affections to which they gave birth.

Ah! my friend, how exquisitely painful is it to have chagrins which we cannot reveal! to brood incessantly over the remembrance of misfortunes, irremediable, and therefore incapable of alleviation! often you have solicited

solicited me to disclose the cause of my secret grief; and, in this instance alone, have I resisted the importunities of friendship; unwilling indeed, that a mind endued with sensibility as yours, should participate of my unhappiness, by a communication equally painful and unavailing.

And yet, your presence, my dear Henrietta. has ever with a sweet influence, soothed my grief.—If Providence permitted me to be constantly near you, those sorrows which receive from gloomy solitude, and pensive thought, superadded force, would be rendered less poignant;—If the heart of Adelaide be yet susceptible of happiness, it is in you alone, she can hope to find it.

Those

Those blessings, which eternity prepares for the souls of the just, can scarcely surpass the three years of happiness we formerly passed together. But perhaps my fond heart cherishes a vain persuasion of the existence of our former affiance, precious indeed to remembrance, but which time and absence may have effaced from yours!—the idea saddens me.—Continue, my dear and only friend, to love me as tenderly as heretofore; and to cherish the same unalterable regard I entertain for thee.—Adieu, my dear Henrietta.

LETTER.

LETTER XXII.

HENRIETTA to ADELAIDE.

YOU will come then, my dear friend, by a thousand tender ties my friend.—But why enjoin a renewal of friendship yet unimpaired?—unkind idea!—and do not these affections which endear me to Adelaide, assure her that the sentiments of Henrietta are reciprocal and unalterable?—I well remember the joy with which my heart expanded at our first interview, an involuntary emotion announced the sympathy of our souls, and predicted their future union. I found in you, the sincere interest, the kind attention, of real friendship,

the

the tendernefs of a parent, and the prudence of an enlightened guide. I cannot, without the deepeft fenfe of gratitude and love, recall to remembrance that happy period of my life, during which your cares were directed to form my heart, and to cultivate and embellish my mind; whatever I am, 'tis to you I owe it; thofe sentiments that infpire my heart with the love, and animate it to the practice of virtue; whatever can render me happy in myfelf, or ufe-ful to my fellow-creatures. What invaluable obligations! You wifhed to make in-struction at once my amufe-ment, and my reward; others, perhaps, can only recall the irk-fo-meneffs, the feverities of educa-tion; I only remember its sweet-neffes.

Tuesday

Tue
ah! to
tience
day ar
interme
you, m
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ever, a
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and his
Major
ders him
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felicitat
ance.
mar ha
fymphath
my dear

Tuesday I shall embrace you, ah ! to what a degree the impatience of seeing that happy Tuesday arrive, tends to prolong the intermediate space ! I promise you, my dear friend, good and agreeable company. He is, however, a military man, but his sentiments are as liberal as yours, and his soul as noble. He is a Major of Hussars, his merit renders him superiour to whatever praise I can give him. You will felicitate yourself on his acquaintance. Ah ! you and Mr. Wolkmarr have angelic souls, they sympathize, I am sure. Adieu, my dear friend.

H

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LETTER XXIII.

WOLKMAR to WISENAU.

I HAVE again returned to the curacy, now more endeared to me by the reflexion that I am soon to leave it,—perhaps for ever! delightful abode of virtue, peace, and social happiness; why is it not permitted me to pass here the residue of my days? but I have desired it, and my last fond remembrance shall address to Heaven a prayer for the felicity of the good Ulrich and his amiable family.—This sentiment is finely dilated in a pathetic passage of that English Drama which we read together before my passage

departure from L * * * †. Alas!
 how deplorable the lot of huma-
 nity! how short and rapid its un-
 certain intervals of happiness,
 how frequent and enduring its
 inevitable calamities!

* * *

I have ordered my men to hold
 themselves in readiness for their

† Perhaps the following lines are those al-
 luded to by Mr. Wolkmar.

LORD RANDOLPH. [TO LADY RANDOLPH.]

— — — This night once more
 Within these walls I rest ; my tent I pitch
 To-morrow in the field. Prepare the feast.
 Free is his heart who for his country fights :
 He on the eve of battle may resign
 Himself to social pleasure ; sweetest then,
 When danger to a foldier's soul endears
 That human joy that never may return.

HOME'S DOUGLAS.

departure. It would do you good, Wisenau, to perceive their zeal and intrepidity on this occasion. Some adjusted their whiskers, others waved their sabres,—all assumed a martial countenance. May victory crown our efforts!—May God preserve the Father of his People, and all will be well. But I,—am I content to go?—Scarcely have I dared to sound my disposition:—I feared to examine my heart,—and am now equally unwilling to acknowledge the result.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

WOLKMAR to WISENAU.

I PROCEED to the sequel of my sad history.—

Having been carried to Freyberg ; chagrin, and the anguish of my wounds, heightened by the agitation of the journey, induced a violent fever ; the physicians entertained little hopes of my recovery. In short, my convalescence was long and painful.

The regiment of Stern had gone into cantonments in Silesia ;

H 3

Gra-

Graber's wounds being cured, he prepared for his departure. I had charged him to see my wife, and to assure her that I was out of danger. Previous to this, I had written to Louisa, but had not received any answer,—but I arrive at the fatal—my soul recoils!—my heart throbs—allow me to pause a moment!

* *

*

Being one evening alone in my chamber, my sad presaging soul a prey to a thousand gloomy reflexions, and melancholy forebodings; I perceived a paper lying on the floor.—For some days before I had observed Graber unusually dejected; he seemed to
regard

regard me with a look of mingled grief and commiseration, his half suppressed sighs, the frequent tear that started in his eye, and the sadness in which he appeared plunged, were to me equally alarming and unaccountable.—I opened the paper, with emotions predictive of its fatal purport ;—Here are the contents, which will never be obliterated from my memory.

Lieutenant RHYNBERG to
ANTHONY GRABER.

I HAVE now, my dear Graber, to charge you with a very important, but disagreeable commission. Your poor Major is the most unfortunate of men, your cares have

H 4 prolonged

prolonged his life, only to sink beneath additional sorrows.—Happy were he at present with his beloved Louisa! She and her infant have perished at the conflagration of N***. It appears that the enemies Hussars entered by night into the town, which they sacked and burnt. It is now a heap of ruins.—I sought out the place where the house of the Syndic stood.—I mingled my tears with its ashes.—Louisa had been delivered of a child but two days before;—what a double death for our unhappy friend!—It remains with your prudence, brave and affectionate old man, to manage with delicacy and caution the communication of this shocking event. Leave him not, if possible,

possible, till he be restored to health, and somewhat reconciled to his irreparable loss. Pray write to me immediately on receipt of this.

* *

*

It is inconceivable to me how I could read this horrible letter to the end. It remained in my hand, whilst overpowered by astonishment and anguish, I sunk back in my chair, in a state of total insensibility; without losing the power of perception, I perceived nothing. My eyes were open, yet incapable of discriminating their objects. I did not even live to the poignant and universal sense of grief that pervaded my soul; there escaped not from me complaint, nor sigh; a horrid suspension of all my fa-

culties, announced the magnitude of my calamity. But the deep sentiment of woe, had only suffered with myself, a temporary death, to awaken me to tenfold suffering, and to pierce my heart with a thousand enanguishing sensations.

“ Great God! what has happened!” cried Graber, entering the chamber.

Perceiving the fatal letter in my hand, he started back, and stood for a few minutes fixed and silent; then rushing forward, he seized the letter, tore it in pieces with his teeth, smote his head, uttered the most piercing cries, and seemed like an epileptic in the hour of his convulsions. This they afterwards related to me.

This

This state of insensibility continued three days; on coming to myself, I was with difficulty persuaded of the reality of what had just passed; I recalled it in a vague and unconnected manner to my recollection; it seemed to me that the recent incidents were visionary, and that I had lived amongst shadows. The violent impression of grief had weakened and deranged my faculties.

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My dear Henrietta comes most opportunely to withdraw my attention from this melancholy subject; her innocent prattle seems to suspend my griefs; I see her, I hear her, and I forget my misfortunes.

tunes. She promises me great pleasure from the expected visit of a lady of the name of Wallman. Henrietta is lavish in her praise, it is a perpetual hymn.

* * *

All was now dead to me in this world, I felt within my bosom a hideous void, discomfort and despair filled the place of my wife and child. My wounds were now in a more dangerous state than before, they were empoisoned by chagrin, and baffled all the skill of my surgeons; alas! to render that efficacious, it was necessary to begin by curing the wounds that rankled in my heart. I was as a worm

worm crushed beneath the wheel, which turns in vain agony upon itself, and impatiently awaits its dissolution from the foot of the passenger.

But my constitution saved me, and I at length found my health re-established, if we can give the name of health to a state in which the heart incurably ulcerated, cannot partake. I completed my regiment again. I went into Silesia, and beheld the effects of the late destructive inroad. I there learnt that my father-in-law, in endeavouring to save his daughter and child, had perished in the flames. I could not prevail on myself to quit this scene of desolation, which fed my melancholy. I enjoyed,
amidst

amidst these ruins, a higher gratification than in a palace, and in the bosom of pleasure. War, which in the heat and ardour of youth I had so passionately followed, I now beheld with a species of horror, I shuddered at the idea of being numbered with those titled assassins who hold their fellow citizens in chains, and are the authours of so many miseries to mankind.

At length I quit this scene of my calamities, determined never to return,——My stay here has reconciled me in a great measure to life, which else would have been insupportable. I every day receive from the worthy Ulrich, fresh proofs of his regard. Hen-
rietta

rietta gains more and more on my affections. All the inhabitants of this happy mansion are good and kind, and surely nothing more effectually sooths the afflictions of the heart, than the delightful intercourse, the sweet and tranquil pleasures, of such a society.

The painful task is finished.——

——— Quis talia fando
Temperet a lachrymis ? —— *

I have excited thy pity, I have afforded an ample theme for thy sensibility.——But we must be resigned, my friend ; let us there.

* *Who can relate the tale without a tear ?*

DRYD. VIRG.

fore

fore pay without murmuring, the tribute which we owe to humanity. Of time, now the best remaining inheritance of Wolkmar, much has been wasted in thoughtless dissipation, and much has elapsed beneath the pressure of misfortune. It is incumbent on me to endeavour to profit of that which remains, and not suffer death to surprize me. I know sufficiently the casualties of war; and we have something to regulate, of much more momentous import than our income, and the care of our family.

I shall continue to write to you, 'till my departure from hence. Adieu, my friend, preserve your health and your gaiety.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

HENRIETTA to WERNER.

I AM charmed to hear that you have abandoned the extravagant idea of entering into a corps of Hussars. I would not consent to it, were it even on the condition of your immediate promotion to a general's staff. I abhor this destructive trade, I can never love the man who holds his life on the detestable, and precarious tenure of depriving others of theirs. Besides, wouldst thou
not

not be reduced to perish by famine if kings should happen to become reasonable, conceive a dislike to contention, tire of fighting with each other, of desolating their dominions, and exterminating their subjects ? It appears to me, that since they must have foldiers, they should only enlist those bad characters, who delight in war and slaughter ; enemies to humanity ; violators of law and order ; malevolent beings, who disturb society, licentious and dissipated characters, who carry discord and ruin into the bosom of families ; and not those whom nature has formed to be the instruments of prosperity and happiness to their fellow creatures ; children dutiful and useful to their parents,

parents, men of sweet, moderate, and courteous tempers, and who cannot without a painful effort divest themselves of those amiable qualities implanted by nature, to become at once the remorseless destroyers of their kind. What an inconsistency ! my dear Werner, that they should endeavour to tame those fierce animals who subsist on rapine, and delight in blood, and yet labour to form men to the enjoyment and commission of carnage, and to make murder not only a profession, but an amusement ! Are they apprehensive that the species of wolves and tygers will become extinct ? Do they prepare men to succeed the savages of the forest ?

Such

Such are the reflections, my friend, that your military resolutions have inspired : I sometimes say, laughing, to Mr. Wolkmar, “ you must not reproach me, Sir, “ that I have entirely detach- “ ed Werner from the army.” — He smiles, and says, “ I felicitate “ you, my dear Henrietta, it “ is a man saved from vice or “ death, a good peasant is a “ much more useful member of “ society than a Hussar ; and, as “ to his rank or family, an officer “ is often less esteemed than the “ Syndic of a village *. But per- “ mit me now, Henrietta, to “ laugh a little in my turn ; this “ martial project of Werner was “ nothing more than a lover’s ar-

* We are to remember here that this was the situation of Werner’s father.

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" tifice, I see it all. A lover ne-
 " ver appears more engaging than
 " in displaying his valour; and
 " believe me he would not appear
 " so ardent in his military pur-
 " suits, if he was not well assur-
 " ed that the sweetest prayers, the
 " tenderest caresses, would be
 " used to dissuade and disarm
 " him. You must pardon Wer-
 " ner for framing this pretence to
 " obtain a new declaration of
 " your love; and fear nothing
 " from me, I do not wish to learn
 " a fondling spoiled by parental
 " tenderness, to support fatigue,
 " hunger and thirst."

Pursue what measures you
 please, but Mr. Wolkmar is ut-
 terly averse to your martial incli-
 nations.

inclinations. If, however, you are willing to continue in her service, the heart of Henrietta promises you new recompenses.

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LETTER XXVI.

WERNER to HENRIETTA.

NO, I shall never enter into a state that meets not your approbation. As the felicity of Werner is dependant on that of Henrietta, so shall his wishes ever accord with hers. I think as you do on the war, for I am a man: I renounce for ever all my military projects;—besides, I should be a long time before I advanced myself. Mr. Wolkmar has in his squadron many brave and experienced men, who yet have grown
old

old in the ranks. Hubert, with all his wounds, and long service, is but a non-commissioned officer; —but *a-propos* of Hubert; — he has at length accepted of our little contribution, and with infinite reluctance and ceremony. — Worthy Hubert! — but take our colloquy exactly as it passed.

“ For what purpose is this money Sir ? ”

“ For your use, Hubert.”

“ Hubert thanks you, Sir; but
 “ the King gives me my subsistence every five days, and the
 “ Major’s bounty makes every
 “ month an addition to it, — this
 “ abundantly suffices my wants,
 “ and

“ and I will not abuse your generosity——”

“ But why refuse me this gratification ? Why not permit me to give you some token, however trifling, of the high esteem I have conceived for you ?”

“ Excellent young man, I should indeed be unhappy in displeasing you ; I accept of your two crowns ; we have in our squadron an old Hussar, who has a wife and children to support out of his slender stipend, let us send it to them. There, Sir ; is thrice the need of your bounty, and ample the reward flowing from the heart-felt gratitude, and the blessings of the poor ; blessings, Sir, which the

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“ DIVINE

“ DIVINE EXEMPLAR of virtue
 “ and benevolence, hath pro-
 “ nounced to be “ *treasures in*
 “ *Heaven.*”

The humanity and disinterest-
 edness of this brave man affected
 me in the most lively manner; I
 could not refrain from tears, at
 such touching traits of sensibility.
 How pleasingly interesting, my
 dear Henrietta, to behold this old
 soldier, every finer feeling of the
 soul, yet unblunted by the apa-
 thy of age, or the ferocity of his
 profession; obedient to the impulse
 of sympathizing pity, and gene-
 rous friendship.

The troops are very soon to go
 from hence, our officers luggage
 is all packed up. It is a question
 whether

whether the existence of all of them will not be terminated by the fusée or sabre ; and yet they rejoice as on the eve of a feast or a wedding. “ It is our avocation,” they say, “ Glory alone is our object, we have the great Frederick at our head, and are sure of victory.” Ah ! that we could retain Mr. Wolkmar with us !——But be content, Henrietta ; Mr. Wolkmar has nought to fear, the Most High is his protector, and will preserve him to us.

LETTER XXVII.

ANTHONY GRABER to Major
WOLKMAR.

MR. Major, my patron, my support, my revered master! a thousand, thousand thanks! your kind remembrance gladdens my old age. Mr. Wisenau has read to me that part of your letter which relates to me; my God, in what terms you mention my poor services! In what a light you are pleased to consider the little that I have done for you! It was my duty, sir, it was only my duty. Graber never can render

der you what he should do. Is it not you who have saved his life? Is it not you who warded off the blow of a sabre at the battle of Torgau, when a Hussar advanced furiously upon me? Who cut him down? Who sent me so tenderly to B * * *, when I was obliged to go on crutches? Who gives me an asylum, and provides liberally for me in my old age? That which I have done was merely my duty, that which you do is from the noble impulse of heaven-born charity. No; I can never sufficiently manifest my gratitude.

Why am I not still permitted to be near you, to fight by your side, to avert the blows aimed at you, to share the honour of

I 3

your

your victory? Alas! it is no longer the part of poor Graber to ask the question. My extenuated body is no longer in a state of service, my arm is nerveless, my legs with difficulty support me. Take me, my God, when you will. Graber is ready. Thou mayest say to him;—*Old soldier, thou hast lived enough, rest thy remains in their parent earth.*

I therefore can only most fervently offer up my prayers for you, Sir; and this I continually do. I cannot hope to see you return, my dissolution sensibly approaches. In dying, my heart shall bear to God those wishes for thy safety and happiness;—that gratitude which once filled and animated it.

When

When I meet my old comrades in Heaven, I shall tell them how happy your goodness has rendered my helpless age. May God long preserve your health, invigorate your arm, and when age advances, take you by imperceptible and unpainful degrees to Himself. These are the wishes of your faithful and affectionate Graber.

LETTER XXVIII.

HENRIETTA to WERNER.

CHARLES ! Charles ! what an unexpected act of Providence ! will you believe it ? do I yet believe it myself ? And is it aught but an illusion, a chimera, a pleasing dream ! I ! his daughter ! I who knew not my parents ! Was it then the FORCE OF NATURE, which, anticipating this happy discovery, inspired my irresistible affection for a stranger ? Yes ! Werner, however incredible, 'tis true, the Major is my father ;

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father; I am stunned, intoxicated
with surprize and joy ; I cannot
inform you of more, but I shall
soon satisfy your impatience on
this extraordinary event.

15 LETTER

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LETTER XXIX.

The Same to the Same.

I AM more composed, my scattered ideas re-unite, I begin to accustom myself to this new state of being. Charles ! what a change ! Mr. Wolkmar is my father ! I am his daughter ! what unhopèd-for happiness !

Yesterday, after dinner, the Major and the good Curate, with his wife and myself sat discoursing of various matters ; the conversation happened to turn on the ring which Mr. Wolkmar had given
ven

ven me. "Now we are speaking
 "of a ring," said Mr. Ulrich,
 "Henrietta has another, we found
 "it in unswathing her linen, on
 "the morning that Heaven was
 "pleased to commit her to my
 "care; it came there, I believe
 "by chance, perhaps had fallen
 "from the finger of the person
 "who had the care of her;—this
 "ring is valuable——" here he
 was interrupted by Mr. Wolkmar,
 who desired to see it.

Mr. Ulrich went out, and re-
 turned with the ring, which he
 presented to the Major, who, the
 better to view it, went towards
 the window. Suddenly we per-
 ceived his colour change,——
 his hand trembled.

"Great

"Great God," cried he, "what
"do I see!"

His emotions alarmed us,—
we with difficulty prevailed on
him to be seated, Judge, dear
Werner, our surprize and con-
sternation; we knew not what
to think, whether these unac-
countable appearances denoted a
misfortune or a happy event.
What could he learn from this
ring? Whence his paleness and
agitation? It was all a myste-
ry, and we dared not break
silence by requiring the explana-
tion we now so anxiously await-
ed.

"At length,"—said he, ris-
ing with a solemn and dignified
composure, and directing his looks
towards

towards Heaven, " my heart, my
" fond, presaging heart, has truly
" said that Henrietta should be
" my daughter, its unerring im-
" pulse, faithful to the dictates of
" Nature, has well justified my
" involuntary attachment!"——

In pronouncing these words, he
clasped me in his arms, bedewed
my face with tears, and sunk
motionless on my bosom.

We were unable to think, or
to speak, the momentary effects of
this happy event were familiar to
those which the heaviest misfor-
tune usually produces.

I know not how to relate to
you what passed in the first
moments of this event. I heard
the names of father and daughter;
but

but soon exhausted by the various passions which agitated me; a mist suffused my eyes, I fell insensibly into a swoon. Recovering, I found myself on a bed, Mr. Wolkmar and the family around me.

It was 'indeed an interesting scene to behold Mr. Wolkmar, combating with different emotions; now entirely absorbed in thought, as if collected within himself, the better to indulge his joy; now giving a loose to paternal affection, in the tenderest caresses, and repeating with pleasure and exultation, the sweet name of daughter.

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The first transports of joy have subsided, and Mr. Wolkmar has explained—but what an explanation, Charles! and what a grievous allay to our happiness! My unfortunate mother perished at the burning of N***;—at the sad annunciation of her fate, my heart reproached itself for its previous effusion of joy, which seemed a violation of those sacred and tender regrets due to the dear departed authour of my being. Alas! that the transient and melancholy satisfaction of shedding a tear to her memory, is all that now remains to Henrietta! But we must resignedly submit to the dispensations of an all-wise Providence; in a devout conviction that whatever its will ordains,

is

is best. That directing Power which has permitted me to know the fate of my Mother, has also restored to me my Father. And thou, blest spirit! if from thy celestial abode, thou beholdest our re-union, what an exquisite pleasure to thy soul! If, indeed, the felicity of angelic beings be susceptible of encrease.

I should have told you that in examining the ring, we perceived these three letters L. D. V.—My good father—who is also to be thine Charles; — father! I could repeat for ever the dear delighting name! I feel, whenever I hear it, the indescribable sensations of new-born felicity. And what a father! — I am the
unvaried

unvaried object of his vows, his thanksgiving, his careffes;——my adoptive parents share our transports. We feel as if newly created, and, as if informed with new souls. To eat and drink is not more necessary to us than to angels, our aliment is pure and unalloyed rapture; resulting from that consummation of human felicity, which partakes of the ineffable delights of divine beatitude; and communicates to the heart of sensibility its most supreme enjoyment. Come then, my dear Werner, come and share with me the embraces of a father.

And you, my ever dear Adelaide; angelic woman; —— what will be your feelings on this occasion?

sion ? Ah ! Charles, when she arrives, and when you are with me, my happiness will be complete ;——and yet,——painfully intrusive idea !——I shall notwithstanding want,——a mother !

LETTER.

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LETTER XXX.

WERNER to HENRIETTA

WOLKMAR.

I FEEL as if struck by lightning, my ideas combined of the most exquisite alternatives of joy and grief, rapidly succeed each other;—my heart now thrilling with pleasure; and now penetrated with the most acute anguish :—at one moment I revolve the happy change that gives to Henrietta, a parent; a distinguished and honourable place in society; the splendour of riches ;—and avenges merit on fortune! But
when

when I reflect on the immense distance to which this event removes her from my hopes, I am abandoned to innumerable apprehensions,——my sensations border on despair.

Dear, betrothed Henrietta!——and dare I still address thee by that sacred, that tender designation?——Ah! distracting doubt! You are happy, Henrietta; my heart exults, my fancy expatiates——but, perhaps that very event which has confirmed your happiness, will for ever annihilate mine! You are now the daughter of an officer of high rank,——heiress to a considerable fortune;——It is no longer my part to address on a footing of equality the daughter of Major Wolkmar. I,——what
am

am I? the son of an humble Syndic!—What will become of me, in losing the friend without whom existence is insupportable?——

War happily presents a resource by which I may terminate life with honour. I shall seek in the thickest fire, an oblivion of this painful existence,——of love and Henrietta!——

Charming girl! Conceive for a moment my misfortune, should I lose thee! If thy father should oppose our union! too well thou knowest, if not thy own inestimable worth,——the force of Werner's affection; no! thou wilt not despise him whom thou hast heretofore loved;——though I have no other pretension to the consent of Mr. Wolkmar, than

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than that of being the lover of Henrietta. But I am unable to express the agitation of my soul at this moment. Ah! hasten to inform me of thy father's intentions. I dare not go myself to learn that on which my happiness and life depends. Painful uncertainty!—

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

HENRIETTA to WERNER.

DEAR boy, dissipate your fear ;——the change of Henrietta's fortune shall never effect a change in her heart ! I should then indeed never have loved ! Your doubts are injurious to me ; to my father, you shall be mine, my father thinks with his wonted generosity,—calls you his son ;——read the inclosed letter, and fly to embrace him.

ER

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

WOLKMAR to WERNER.

THE happy father of Henrietta has read your letter; he has, dear Werner, witnessed the ardour and sincerity of your passion for his daughter. Before my will was necessary to ratify, I approved of her choice. I even endeavoured to obviate the pecuniary obstacles to your union. My newly acquired happiness shall not be the means of rendering two persons miserable, who have an equal right as I to be happy, and who cannot be so but by my concurrence

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concurrence with the sentiment
that unites them. It is with the
greatest pleasure that I name you
my Son. Come then, I wish to
embrace you as such.

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LETTER XXXIII.

WOLKMAR to WISENAU.

FELICITATE me, my dear friend ! Happiness ! Happiness, to which my most sanguine hope dared not before aspire, is mine !——Be not surprized, if in my first transports, the grand movements of Nature yet unsubdided ;——my soul yet agitated by the undiminished energy of contending passions ; every sense enwrapped in the sweet delirium of joy ; finally, indisposed to write, because unequal to the detail

detail of incidents ; unequal to the expression of my feelings,—— I apprized you of the happy event by our faithful Hubert.

But has this prodigy come alone ? Have I recovered a daughter only ? O my friend ! what I am now to relate, will indeed appear incredible. Louisa ! my adored, long-lost, long-regretted Louisa !——Louisa, whose supposed disastrous fate had consigned my days to sorrow,—— lives !——lives in my arms !

Almighty God ! If that grateful sense of thy auspicious Providence, which at this moment fills my soul, suffers from henceforth, a momentary abatement ; may I cease to enjoy those signal

marks of thy favour !——What happiness ! What an astonishing concurrence of events !——Hear. I concluded my last by acquainting you that my dear Henrietta had announced a visitor, her old boarding-school mistress, a Mrs. Wallman : Does not thy heart beat ? Dear Wisenau ; — Adelaide Wallman is the wife of your friend ! the mother of Henrietta !

She arrived here yesterday morn : my Hussars had continued at their exercise longer than usual, and I returned from the field much fatigued. Instead of going, as is my ordinary custom, directly to my apartment, I entered the parlour, laid down my cloak and sabre, and joined the company. Suddenly I heard
a loud

a loud shriek,—the stranger had fainted,—all was alarm and confusion; I ran to her assistance, raised, and placed her in a chair.

Conceive my feelings when I recognised the countenance of my Louisa! Scarcely could my limbs support me; I remained for a few moments silent and immoveable; alike incapable of explaining this new phænomenon, or of rendering her the assistance her alarming situation required. Suddenly recovering myself, I rushed towards her, repelled like a fury, all who surrounded her, and clasping her in my arms, exclaimed—“Yes!—
 “it is, it is my dear Louisa!—
 “I do not deceive myself,—
 “thou hast descended from Hea-

“ven to complete the happiness
“of thy beloved husband and
“daughter ! Ah ! abandon us no
“more, nor return to the abodes
“of the blessed, till we are per-
“mitted to accompany thee!——”

I was indeed in a delirium,——
my well known voice awakened
her,——her first expressions were
as mine, half-uttered, incoherent,
and unintelligible. The specta-
tors beheld each other in mute
astonishment. We were not in a
state to afford them an explana-
tion of the extraordinary scene
before them. An interval of a
few minutes enabled us to gratify
their anxious curiosity. Figure
to yourself the mother and daugh-
ter enfolded in each other's arms,
immersed

immerfed in filent tranfport,
whilft joy feemed to renew the
youth of the good minifter and
his wife.

* * *

Louifa had lain in at the
house of a friend, that ſhe
might be better attended, and
more undifturbed, than at her fa-
ther's. A rumour of my death
had reached, and nearly proved
fatal to her. At this dange-
rous crisis, the town was fur-
prized by the Imperial Huffars;
terror had difperfed thofe who
attended her; ſhe found herſelf
left alone, with the infant at her
breaf.

The fire having gained the house in which she lay, she endeavoured to escape with her precious charge; but was met at the door by a Hussar, who, actuated by the desire of pillage, and supposing the burden which Louisa carried, to be a treasure of a very different nature from what he afterwards found it, seized the infant. Louisa's weak and unavailing resistance only served to incense the ruffian, who giving her a blow which left her extended and senseless on the ground, retired with his prey. How the infant escaped his savage barbarity, in the first moment of rage and disappointment, and by whom left in the garden, where the curate afterwards found it, we are yet to learn. As to Louisa,

Louisa, when she recovered, she fled from the scene of devastation ; fear lent her wings, she beheld the conflagration, and heard the report of fuses, and the shouts of the now retreating enemy. She wandered on as chance directed, the flames spread wider and wider, exhibiting a hideous contrast with the surrounding gloom. Happily at this moment, a carriage passed, it stopped, and a lady from within it, addressed Louisa, " Take refuge here, my dear friend, I am happy in meeting you, and will bring you to a place of security."—The carriage drove off, and soon reached B***, where Louisa's unknown protect-

refs having fet her down, continued her journey.

At B * * *, Louisa had the good fortune to find at once a kind reception, and a permanent residence in the house of a relation. A poor consolation indeed for a woman at once bereft of a father, a husband, and child ! She now changed her name, to avoid as much as possible being known, and the more freely to indulge that sentiment of melancholy which I have experienced to be of all others dearest to the unhappy : the heart of sensibility cherishes that tender, and soothing sense of woe ; which, solicitous to appropriate to itself whatever tends to cherish the remembrance of lost affection ;
anxiously

anxiously excludes all alleviation from sympathy; pleased to muse on its misfortunes; forming for itself new creation in the bosom of silence and solitude; thus transforming its woe, it enjoys the delicious fruition of that pensive yet mildly fervid enthusiasm, which harmonizes the soul, meliorates sorrow, spreads a softening shade over, and rebates the keenest edge of affliction.

Hither Henrietta was sent, where she continued three years. Her mother, though totally ignorant of the tender relation that nature had formed between her and her pupil; yet felt herself inspired with an unaccountable partiality for Henrietta;

etta ; an unaccountable and powerful impulse led her to prefer this unknown favourite to her other boarders ; she could not endure to be a moment absent from her, and felt a peculiar happiness in forming the docile heart of Henrietta, and in improving the happy dispositions of nature. The understanding of Henrietta outgrew her age, a sensibility at once sweet and uncapricious was the foundation of her character. Penetrated with love and gratitude for the care of her instructress, she cherished for her the regards of a daughter. Aided by a sentiment so favourable, the lessons of Louisa were indeliably imprinted on the heart of Henrietta.

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Is there then aught wanting to complete my happiness? — And yet it is not unmixed with disquieting apprehensions for the fate of those I hold most dear, — if the chance of war but I must endeavour to repel these sad ideas. — It is however, my wish, that my wife and daughter remain in Silesia, and, if circumstances require it, I shall commit them, with young Werner, to thy friendly care.

Inform all my friends of the late interesting events, especially Graber; none feels more sincere interest for me; rejoice the heart of this old man, with the happy tidings; it will gild the evening of his life; again, I commend him to your care,

V care; beneath your humane attentions, the satisfactions of his present existence will render dissolution easy; and the transition from the perishable enjoyments of this frail being, to a state of solid and durable bliss, imperceptible; appearing as the continuation of an uninterrupted chain of felicity, commencing on earth, and terminating in heaven.

P. S. As I was about to seal my letter, I received an order for our departure; how cruel, my friend, to be obliged to abandon those so lately restored to me! but it is the King's will, which I chearfully obey: war viewed in the abstract, presents only a horridly uniform picture of general calamity; but what innumerable

numerable and various hidden evils in its train! domestic griefs, which shut up in in the hearts of the unfortunate, lacerate or consume them!——to-morrow, I go from hence.

LETTER



L E T T E R X X X I V .

HENRIETTA to WERNER.

MY father is gone, the order arrived here yesterday evening, and this morning at the same hour, he departed with his squadron. We are all in the deepest dejection; my mother weeps, and recalls to remembrance her first fatal parting from my father; her anxious tenderness inspires her with apprehensions of the renewal of former calamities.
“ Heaven

"Heaven knows" (these were my
 "father's words,) with what re-
 "gret I leave you, my conti-
 "nual prayers have been address-
 "ed to the Most High, to avert
 "this painful separation, but we
 "must part,—the command of
 "the King is sacred!"—Here
 his tears flowed in abundance,
 but they were the tears of a
 soldier, Werner! His counte-
 nance expressed a noble pride, a
 manly fortitude, a melancholy
 firmness; softened and embellish-
 ed by the amiable effusions of a
 feeling heart devoted to its best
 affections.

The squadron had drawn up
 opposite the house, their appear-
 ance

ance was really terrifying. Something so horrible in their visage ; their eyes seemed to elicit fire. The horses neighed, their nostrils breathed flame, they tore up the ground with their hoofs. My father gives the word, and all the sabres at once fly from the scabbard ; terrible appearance ! dire preparative to the immolation of human victims ! A universal tremour seized me, I could scarcely support myself, so strongly had the dreadful images of destructive war affected my fancy, my heart yet retains the impression.—The trumpet sounded a warlike march, its horrid clangour reminded me of the effects produced by the voice of the Fury Discord described

described by Homer*. The troop moved, my father turned towards us, that intrepid air and martial ardour which glowed on his countenance, yielded for a moment to the softer expression of tender affection, and regretful sorrow; he could not speak, for his heart was full, but, he looked, Werner—— looked unutterable things, which our heart in painful unison

* When baleful Eris, sent by Jove's command,

The torch of discord blazing in her hand,
Thro' the red skies her bloody sign extends,
And wrapt in tempests, o'er the fleet descends.
High on Ulysses' bark her horrid stand
She took, and thunder'd thro' the seas and
land ——

Thence the black fury thro' the Grecian throng
With horror sounds the loud Orthian song.

POPE'S HOM. IL. B. XI:

with

with his, at once interpreted and felt.

My God! May thy tutelary power accompany and protect him! Mayest thou perpetually watch over my dear and honoured parent!

I am extremely dejected;—your officers are gone, and you have no excuse for absenting yourself from me; if you do not come to sympathize with me, and alleviate my chagrin, I shall die, for I shall then think that you no longer love me.

LETTER

LETTER XXXV.

HENRIETTA TO WERNER.

I FORGOT to relate to you in my last that Hubert before his departure made to me a sort of penitentiary confession of the share he had in the sack and burning of N * * *, at which time he served in the Imperial Army.—“ Ah, dear lady,” said he, “ shall I not leave you in the “ hope that your heart is reconciled to me ? I am going to the “ war, it may be to return no “ more. I am not afraid of “ death, but I shall meet it with
“ less

“ less tranquillity if I have not
 “ your pardon. The greater my
 “ offence, the more worthy your
 “ forgiveness ; my repentance is
 “ very sincere ; I assure you, that
 “ for your sake, I shall pillage no
 “ more, fire no more villages ; I
 “ shall be always fearful of forc-
 “ ing mothers from their infants,
 “ and——”

“ Ah ! cease, Hubert!——”

I wept, and unable to speak,
 took his hand, and passing mine
 over his eyes, wiped away his
 tears. I wished to convince him
 that my heart harboured no re-
 sentment against him, but that it
 felt an interest in his preserva-
 tion ;——and yet, Werner, per-
 haps

haps 'tis to him I owe the loss of
a parent !

I know not, my dear Werner,
how those people are formed ;
they have good and tender hearts ;
they even weep, but notwith-
standing, when they face the
enemy, they at once divest them-
selves of every attribute of hu-
manity. To kindle their rage it
suffices only that they be opposed
to a man. They massacre those
against whom they have no perso-
nal hate : They rush to mutual
slaughter for interests totally
foreign to themselves. I cannot
comprehend how dispositions so
incompatible can be united, Is
it possible to be at once a man and
a tiger ?

Should

Should the benedictions of the pious Ulrich have their desired effect, on this sanguinary occasion?—If so, the Prussians will vanquish all who oppose them, none shall lose their lives, and my father least of any. My God! how he is exposed! If he dies, Charles . . . the same blow will kill me.

My father writes often, I write now only to him; for, since I am to see you every day, a correspondence would be superfluous.

LETTER

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LETTER XXXVI.

HENRIETTA to WERNER.

AND have I not, my dear friend, cause of complaint? My father's departure, my mother's inconsolation, my own chagrin, — all aggravated by your absence, and the alarming accounts I have just received of your indisposition? Alas! the entire tenour of your last letter, apparently written in a moment of dejection and disquietude, excites my fears; — you appear, my dear Werner, too insensible of

L your

your own danger, and devoted only to an anxious solicitude for me, which must inevitably aggravate your disorder. Ah ! if you indeed love me, if my life be of any value to you, endeavour to compose yourself ; consider how much the continuance of my health depends on your speedy recovery, that my heart and its affections are inseparably united, as my fate is interwoven with thine.

I know not how it is, but in the sense of your present danger, I seem to lose sight of every other consideration ; to all but thee indifferent ; unanxious but for thee ; objects before most interesting to me, recede and disappear ; my ideas
fade,

fade, and, in renewing, are concentrated in Werner. Whence this change?—Is it that the soul being softened by grief, becomes then more susceptible of love? Thus prepared for the exclusive reception of the beloved object? So the fainted spirit wrapt in the ineffable transports of divine love, pants to resolve itself into that uncreated and eternal essence which it contemplates and adores. Yes! it is that love, to which all other passions are subordinate and tributary, and whose flame, generated in, and exhaled from the heart; that flame which ardent, unconsumed, unextinguishable; which attracts, absorbs every inferior affection, and assimilates them to its own nature; controuling

with mildest influence the rage of contending passions; sooths, irradiates, and cheers, the soul; realizing that sweet oblivion feigned by the Poets, when devoted to a pure and virtuous passion, all within the breast is indisturbance equability, attempered rapture.

What a rhapsody! But 'tis love, virtue and Werner have inspired it; therefore is its warmth unblameable. My heart in some degree relieved by this transient and involuntary effusion, recurs again to those dear objects who must ever share dividedly with her dear Werner, the affections of Henrietta.

Extreme as is my desire to see you, I find it at present impossible

ble to gratify it; my mother's excessive grief, not suffering me to leave her. Ah! Werner, her worth is yet unknown to thee! Thou art yet to be acquainted with her amiable qualities, her parental tenderness, formerly the best of friends, now the best of mothers. My God! make me sufficiently deserving thy goodness, in giving me such parents, I shall incessantly present to thee my grateful homage for these thine inestimable blessings!

But my father! alas! he is already far from us, far from the dearest objects of his love.—O my father! at each step he advances to the fateful field,—I shudder!—Avert, kind Hea-

ven, the inauspicious images
 which my fearful apprehensions
 form!——Ah! perhaps even now
 the danger approaches, a soldier
 thirsting for his blood, rushes on
 him; I hear the shout of the ex-
 ulting enemy, behold the foaming
 charger, the slackened rein,——
 I see the sabre suspended over his
 head,——I see him fall;——see
 him——Arbiter of our destinies!
 whatever may be the event,
 inspire thy servant with that
 resignation which will again esta-
 blish peace in her soul: Thou,
 whose auspicious Providence hath
 hitherto been my rest and my
 protection, watch over the safe-
 ty of my father! Virtuous
 himself, he is the friend of virtue,
 the father of the unfortu-
 nate,

fortunate —— ah ! preserve him
to his family !

In vain I endeavour to repress
these frightful images, these, per-
haps, ideal terrors ; —— they in-
trude on me in spite of myself ;
at one moment I am calm, a hap-
py prospect seems to brighten be-
fore me, I dare to give credence
to the pleasing promises of hope ;
but soon the tears and sighs of
my mother consign me to new
apprehensions ; her sorrows are
contagious, a sad and gloomy
cloud envelopes every object, and
the night of death seems to over-
shadow nature.

LETTER XXXVII.

HENRIETTA to WERNER.

YOU assure me that your disorder is not dangerous ;—— but have you acquainted me with your real state ? Your letter has contributed little to dissipate my fear,—— I am even less tranquil than before——I dread that unkind, that cruel perfidy of love, which may have induced you to dissemble with me. If you be not better to-morrow, I shall go and judge for myself ; I am distracted by doubt and apprehension on your account.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

WERNER to HENRIETTA.

HOW melancholy is your correspondence become! Your late letters were alone sufficient to inspire me with sadness. What is become of that gaiety, which was wont to charm and enliven us? You speak of nothing but disquietudes and sorrows, but are they to be imputed to me! I am sensible that it is afflicting, in the moment of having recovered the best of fathers, ere you had scarcely interchanged embraces, to lose him — but

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what

what do I say ? (observe how naturally I adopt your mode of expression) He is not lost, our dear Mr. Wolkmar is gone to seek new glory, to approve himself worthy of the high reputation he has already acquired, and to justify in the sight of ten thousand men, all younger soldiers than himself, the estimation and distinguished favour of the King. After all, has he not embraced that party, which, had his determination been submitted to you, you would have advised him to ? Should he have debased himself, and forfeited his well-earned honours, by a dishonourable defection ! Enjoying, during a long peace, the ample benefits of his high rank in the army, should he abandon a lucrative post, when he found it to be-

become, perhaps, a dangerous one? But think you that his Hussars, who are more than men, will, in case of danger, abandon their beloved Major? No, they would encompass him as with a rampart, and sacrifice their lives in his defence.

You were to blame, Henrietta, in making me relinquish the fancy, as you termed it, of becoming a Hussar in Mr. Wolkmar's squadron; I should never have lost sight of him, I should have defended him; and he in his turn would have taught me to conquer. He is thy father, and, permit me to add, mine; what then

then should I not do for his preservation ? What should he fear, having Hubert and I at his side ? Do you wish that he should have one defender less ? Give but the word of command, and I fly to join him, I assume the pelisse, and commence Hussar. Let not my illness disquiet you, some feverish symptoms indeed appeared, but I have shaken them off. I however take you at your word, and shall expect you to-morrow. My father is impatient to see you, but has opposed, with his usual tenacity, my desire of going abroad. I shall, notwithstanding, take a walk to the curacy, and accompany you hither ; it is the first time that I have ever opposed my father's will ; but the occasion,

sion, my dear Henrietta, must justify me; indeed to blame me for this act of disobedience, would be to confess that he never was himself in love.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

HENRIETTA to WERNER.

A MOST unpleasant incident has prevented my intended visit. The experience of yesterday has convinced me that all soldiers do not resemble Mr. Wolkmar; the amicable and conciliating manner in which he first introduced himself amongst us, (not to mention his subsequent politeness and generosity;) gained him the heart of every person in the curacy. But what a difference! I yet tremble. My dear mother, and poor Mrs. Ulrich were as much frightened

frightened as myself, but you shall hear what passed.

My mother, Mr. Ulrich, and I, were just ready to go out, when a serjeant of dragoons entered the court on horseback, and desired to speak with the curate.

“ With me, Sir !” said Mr. Ulrich, “ I am the Curate.”

“ My Captain has sent me here
“ to provide quarters for him; we
“ remain here to night, perhaps
“ we may go away to-morrow,
“ perhaps not——”

“ But this, Sir, is my Cure,
“ and——”

“ I know

" I know it, Sir, but there is
 " not better accommodation in
 " the village for Captain Reumar;
 " besides, you have lately lodged
 " an officer of Hussars."

" Very true, and a brave and
 " worthy gentleman he is; I would
 " most cheerfully receive your
 " officer likewise, if Major Wolk-
 " mar's spouse did not occupy
 " the apartment. For the rest,
 " you will be pleased to observe
 " that I am not obliged to lodge
 " the military; that when I do,
 " it is purely from complaisance,
 " tell your Captain so."

This extraordinary envoy went
 off; in about an hour after, the
 Captain entered the village with
 his company; and shortly after
 presented

presented himself to us, with his suite, consisting of a valet, two footmen, a groom, and a black servant.

“Hallo ! where is the Minister ?” This, my dear friend, was his introductory address.

Mr. Ulrich saluted him.

“I am come to take up my quarters with you, Mr. Curate.”

“I would accommodate you with pleasure, Sir ; but that Major Wolkmar’s lady——”

“So much the better, we shall soon make our arrangements,—”
“espe-

"especially if she be hand-
"some.——"

"It is impossible, my dear Werner, to convey to you an adequate idea of this son of Mars ; his tone, and manner were altogether a very suitable comment on his expressions.

"Mr. Captain," said Mr. Ulrich, " my house is exempt——"

"Exempt ! Man of God ! are
"we not at war, and if we
"should suffer the enemy to advance, would you tell him your
"house was exempt ?"

With these words, he leaped briskly from his horse, and entered the house in triumph. We,
like

like so many frightened deer, pursued by the hounds, took refuge in the Curate's library. The Captain immediately, and of his own accord, took possession of my dear father's late apartment.

'Tis a pity that his manners are so rude and brutal; his physiognomy is not unpleasing, and his person is elegant.

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If you are cured of your fever, you are not of your hair-brained projects. You still speak of making yourself a Huffar; my father, you say, would then have one defender more;—and tell me, dispassionate and spiritless lover as you are, would not I, in that

that case, have one anxiety more ? Do you comprehend me ? Talk no more of being a Hussar, or——

Our officer has been suddenly taken ill, and keeps his bed ; he complains of being feverish.—— His valet has been dispatched for a physician. He is, of all sick men, the most impatient and ungovernable ; he swears, storms, curses his fate ;——What a guest ! An officer without politeness, a man without principles, and a sick man without patience !

Come, my dear friend, come and see us, if you can venture abroad without danger ; you may be sure to be received as one of the family.

LETTER

L E T T E R XL.

Captain *Frederick Reumar* to
Captain *George Kronengold*.

IT is an infernal case, yes, George, upon my soul a most infernal case, that I must remain here, groaning and suffering like a woman in child-bed, whilst millions of rabble, the very refuse and off-scouring of creation, enjoy perfect health and happiness. It is to you, and your damned revels I am obliged for this, 'tis that hellish bacchanalian supper, and the abominable wine with which you supplied your guests, that now fires my blood and tears my entrails.

I am, however, so far fortunate as to find myself in tolerable quarters here, and where do you think

I am?

I am ? But you might continue guessing to eternity, before you could answer my question rightly ; know then, that I have taken up my abode with—the Curate of the village ; this old Melchisedec framed a thousand objections to receiving me within the pale of his sanctuary, but I soon brought him to reason, and not by any argument from the Talmud, or Septuagint either. The next day, I could no more move than a dog still-born ; the old Churchman paid me a visit ; but my oaths, and vehement ejaculations, actually threw him into a fever ; the good devil took flight, and I have not seen him since. However, he is an honest fellow, and, if I must die here, he will not suffer my soul to take the road to hell.

The quack that they brought
me,

me, assures me on the other hand that my health will be soon re-established; the Curate, to give the devil his due, and all his satellites, are very civil to me; if they continue to behave themselves well, I shall reward them accordingly, although the said Curate from the bottom of his soul, piously wishes me safely deposited between four planks, and under ten feet of earth.

My knave of a servant has just reported to me a discovery he has made of a handsome young wench, the daughter of a Major Wolkmar, and of another whom he calls his wife, no bad piece either. There is a most lamentable tale concerning them in circulation here, but of which I do not believe a single syllable. If the Curate honours me with another visit,

visit, I shall pump his reverence upon the subject, but I do not expect to see him at my bed-side again, for he just as much loves to hear me swear, as I do to hear him preach. If I find myself better in a few days, I shall introduce myself to these dear creatures, and invite them, with Mrs. Ulrich, (who resembles the old Spanish Duenna described by *Cervantes* in his *Jealous Estremaduran*) to take chocolate with me; the rest you know comes of course.

Write to me soon, Kronengold; how are you? What do you do? Make my compliments to all our friends in camp;—you are happy dogs! You eat, you get gloriously drunk,——and I am under regimen!

Yours, &c.

FREDERICK REUMAR.



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